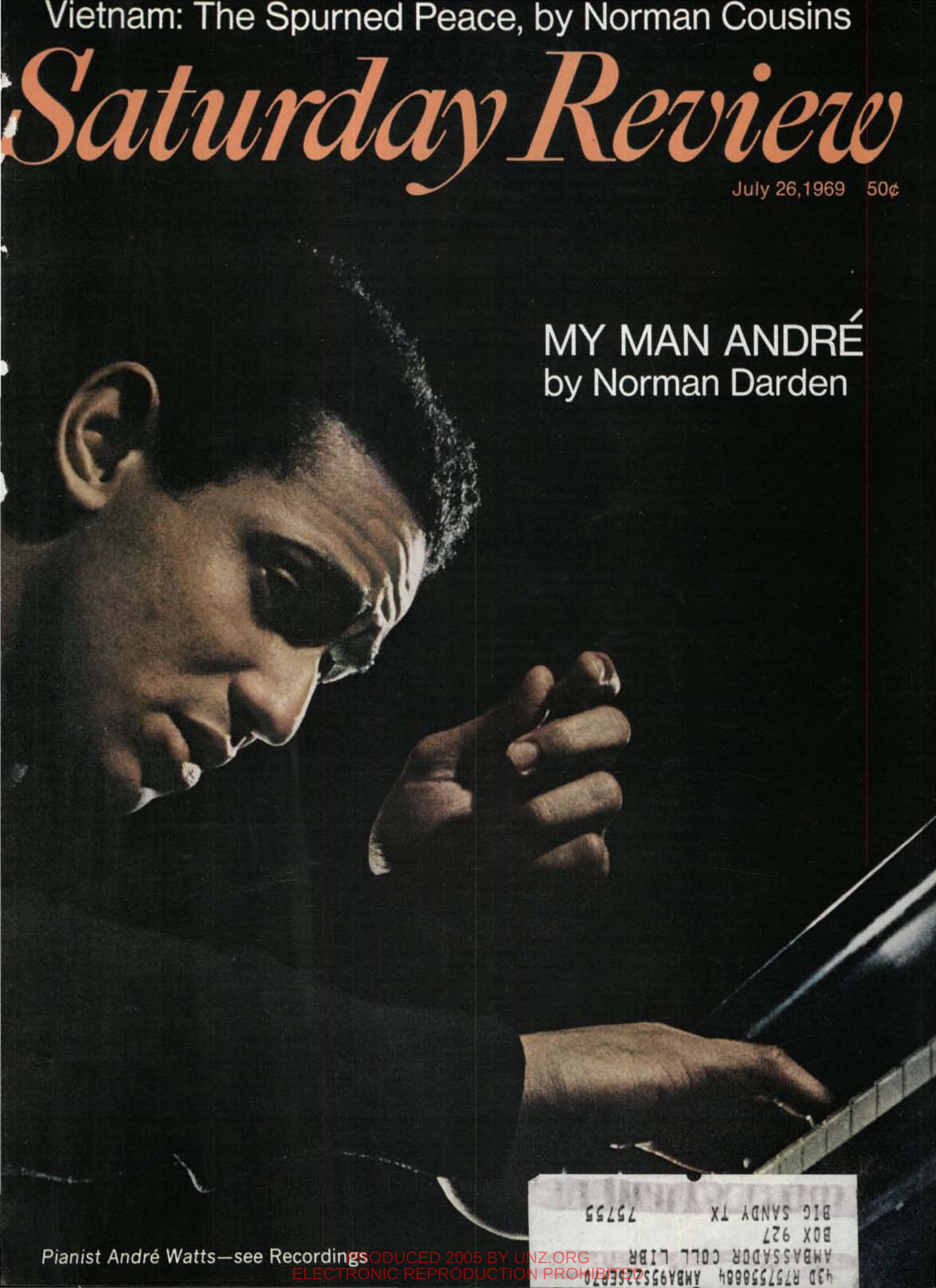
Vietnam: The Spurned Peace, by Norman Cousins

Saturday Review

July 26,1969 50¢



MY MAN ANDRÉ
by Norman Darden

Pianist André Watts—see Recordings

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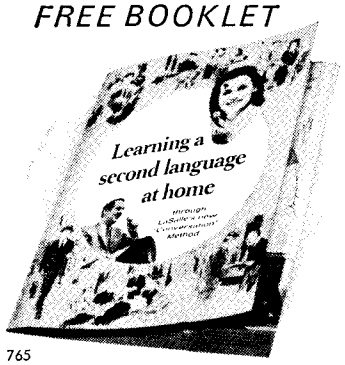

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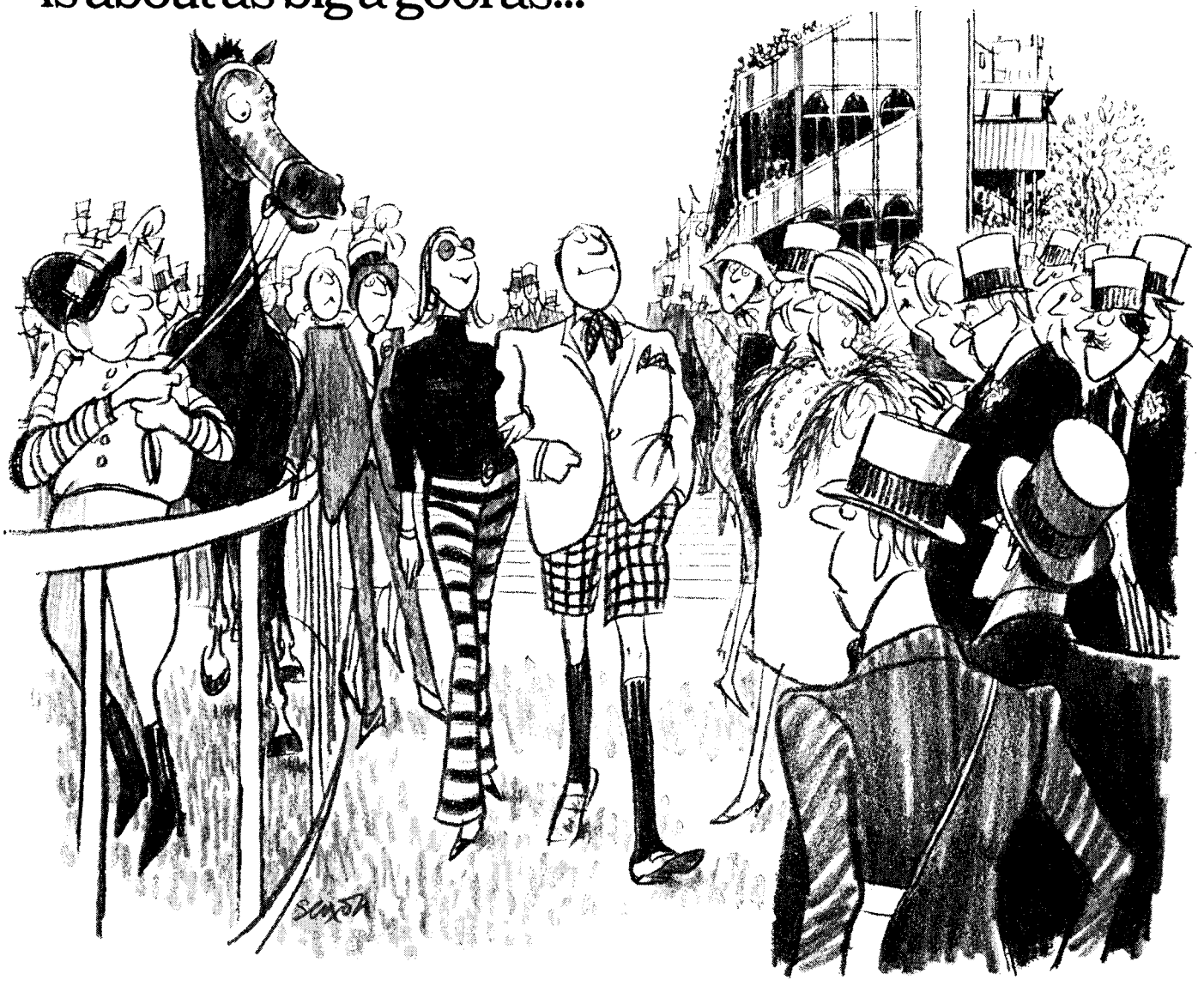

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Earnest Business of Being Unimportant

FOR SOME YEARS NOW there has been a framed, neatly lettered little sign on my desk which reads: IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERESTIMATE THE UNIMPORTANCE OF PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING.

And every morning I earnestly resolve to aspire to that benign euphoric state. But the gods specifically in charge of fouling up my days intervene.

This morning, for instance, the coffee from the drugstore, which has always come with cream, came black.

I had the ominous feeling that the gods bode me no good this day when on the half-block walk to my office a cab driver stuck his head out the window and asked after my health: "What's with you—you blind or something?"

This half-block walk from the apartment to work is the doing of my doctor, who some months ago earnestly told me it was important I exercise. "Walk to your office," he suggested. And it wasn't easy finding an office that close.

On my last visit he asked me if I was still walking to the office. "Every morning," I told him. "Good," he replied, "and you show it." He never asked; I never told him.

After passing the time of day with the cabby, I continued walking, trying earnestly to shake off this unimportant sense of being trapped on the bridge of San Luis Rey on my way to an appointment in Samarra.

It didn't help to see a sign in the window of a new restaurant about to open: COME OPENING DAY AND GET A FREE GIFT. As opposed to gifts given to you that you pay for.

Then at the office, the elevator which is usually nonstop, stopped eight times before the tenth floor. And following that came the black coffee.

To the guy who wrote that it is impossible to overestimate the unimportance of practically everything, these annoyances would seem petty and due to the overreactions of an overwrought mind. OK, I'll buy that for me, but it is a blatant oversimplification, and it dismisses entirely the cause of these overreactions which have spread over the earth.

To this harried mind, the cause is simply that the world is over-warred. So earnestly important has destruction become, that our everyday, matter-of-fact conversation bristles with talk of missile sites, search out and destroy, Hamburger Hill, and body counts. It's as if the whole world is on a suicide kick.

But each day I try to remember it is impossible to overestimate the unimportance of practically everything. When I run across a newspaper story in which the Defense Secretary proclaims, in spite of the fact that three sons of one family went down with a U.S. ship, it would be "less compassionate to say that members of the same family may never voluntarily serve together," I know he means in a kindly way that the family that goes to war together gets killed together.

When I hear a former Defense Secretary say we can get most of our ground combat forces out of Vietnam by the end of 1970, and then our President smilingly replies he would hope to beat that timetable, my overwrought mind applauds. Because I know he means maybe mid-1970. Maybe June or July. It's only 1,000 to 1,500 bodies sooner or later.

When I hear the President at a news conference say that as far as violence and lawlessness go he is "fed up to here," I feel his choice of that phrase comes from a naggingly bothering conscience that reminds him there are millions of citizens in this land of plenty who are not fed up to anywhere.

So you see, despite that detail of fuzz up there in the sky ready to knock me over the head, I'm earnestly trying to live up to the little sign on my desk. All it takes to perform the magic is a little sleight of mind.

The only time I fail is when I read the plans for the triple warhead known as MIRV. I don't know exactly what those letters stand for, but to my mind they spell out Murder Incorporated Retaliatory Vehicle.

And when the President changed the name of the Anti-Ballistic Missile to Safeguard, instead of my being more secure, I began to think he was begging the question, like changing the packaging of a discredited detergent. It's the thing in Washington these days. Don't be surprised if one day the Bureau of Internal Revenue will be known as the Audience Participation Program.

But always remember: "It is impossible to overestimate the. . . ."

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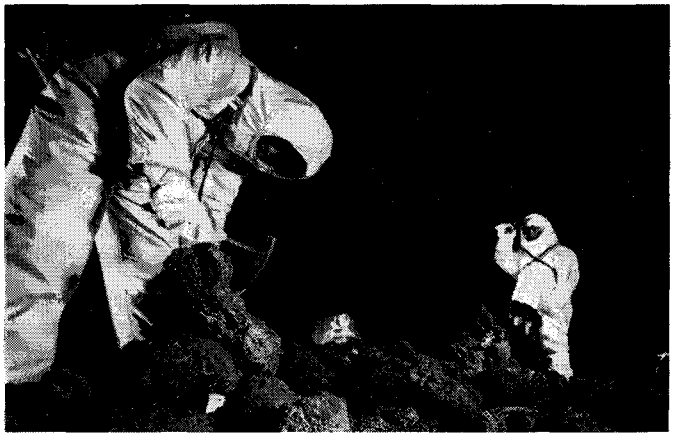

Astronauts simulate one of their objectives when they land on moon: to gather surface specimens and collect "geological" data before returning to earth.

Both book and record album are obviously not yet completed. They can't be until an astronaut sets foot on the moon and returns safely to earth. How have we gotten around *that?* Pages in the book and time on the records have been reserved for the big event. Once the moon mission is successful, these final ingredients will be added and your *complete* book and record album will be rushed to you.

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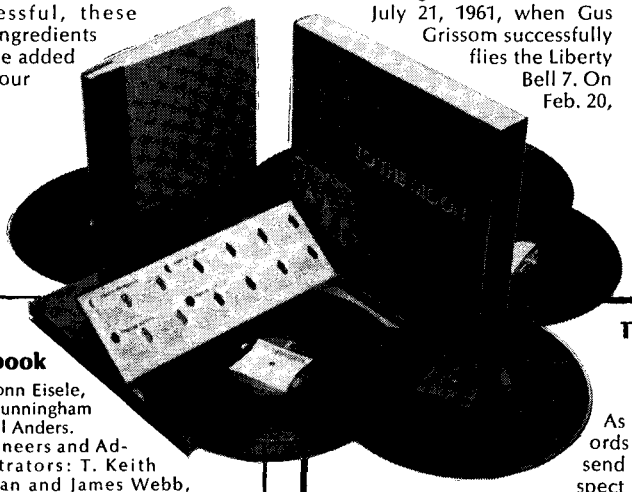

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Query

Sophie Portnoy had a son—
Adoption papers, anyone?
—Jo Foxworth.

Send Cash, Chick, or Money Order. . . .

While studying the mug shots on the wall of the local post office, I noticed a bunch of pamphlets, free for the taking, in a cardboard container tacked to the bulletin board. The title was kind of catchy, for a government-printed affair: *How to Address Mail, Excerpts from Chapter 1 Postal Manual.*

Since I'd been sending out mail with only a fair amount of success for the past twenty years, I brought the booklet home with me. There was always a chance that someone had come up with a surefire system.

The first page dealt with envelopes. I thought I could skip that. An envelope, I knew, was what you put a letter in. Pretty self-explanatory stuff. My eye was caught, however, by Regulation 122.3, Paragraph d: "Envelopes having a ratio of width (height) to length of less than 1 to 1.414 (1 to the square root of 2) are not recommended."

I could almost hear the dialogue preceding *that* committee decision. The brash young bureaucrats hold out for a ratio of 1 to 1.5, because it's easy to figure out. The conservative GS-11s, with twenty years of experience behind them, demand a ratio of 1 to 3, because that's the size of all their envelopes anyway.

A consultant is called in from the Bureau of Land Management. He suggests a compromise, 1 to 1.414, partly because there are no envelopes made to those specifications. His suggestion is approved with much handshaking and smiling all around.

This is why my square Christmas cards consistently take longer to reach their destination than my long, skinny ones. The government doesn't say it *won't* take my red and gilt holiday greetings with their daring, unrecommended 1 to 1 ratio, it just doesn't like to. The delay is an expression of postal pique.

Page 2 begins with Paragraph 11 of Section 123.1. The first ten paragraphs must be just for beginners. "Addresses, General Information," it says. "Write the name and address clearly and legibly on one side only. See 125.33m for exception on baby poultry."

The pamphlet does not contain Section 125.33m.

Figuring the alternatives, you could write the name and address clearly and legibly on both sides of the envelope; on both sides of your baby chicks; on neither side of either or both; or you could write the address unclearly and illegibly wherever you damn well pleased.

Probably though, unless you had a friend with a penchant for pressed pullet, you would mail your baby chicks in a box. In which case you would have to follow a different set of regulations altogether.

In a final note, I learned that "postmasters may furnish, on request, a copy of the city scheme or state scheme used by clerks for sorting mail." As anyone who has ever noticed that his bills arrive within twenty-four hours after posting, while his checks are invariably held up for three to five weeks in transit, it isn't a scheme at all. It's a full-fledged plot.

—James Aitken.

With A Heigh-nonny-nonny

From the window of a country place where I spent some days last May, I watched, with a great deal of interest, a flock of sheep grazing on a gentle slope a few hundred yards away. The sheep were like sheep elsewhere, but the sheep dog struck me as the best I had ever seen in many years of observing sheep dogs at work.

It occurred to me, as it had many times before when I was in Italy, that the Italian sheep dog is the finest in the world. I am aware of the good qualities of the English dog, but the Italian has always seemed to me a superior kind of animal. ("The Italian sheep dog is too good for the Italians," an English writer commented in the nineteenth century.)

I am not so sure about that. The English have always had ambivalent feelings about Italy, more than one Englishman remarking that you can love the Italians but never like them. But there is no doubt about the standing of the sheep dog; if I were to award a prize, it would go to Italy.

I think the Italian sheep dog is a better worker than sheep dogs I have seen in other places. He gets his orders and he carries them out promptly—no false moves, no lack of direction, no

Take a tip from the cool-headed English. Fight the swelter of summer with icy smooth, crackling dry Gordon's. (After all, it's how they fought the vivid sun in India for all those many years!) Mr. Gordon's brilliant formula has kept Gordon-ites in the cold for 200 summers. No wonder it's the biggest seller in England, America, the rest of the well-refreshed world. It's a tonic. Or a Collins. Or a Martini. Or a Sour. Or a...

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scaring the daylights out of the sheep.

I wish I felt this way about the Italian shepherd, but I'm afraid I can't. The shepherd's calling, not only in Italy but all over Europe, has undergone some unhappy changes. There seem to be no shepherds of the stature of those who made shepherd's plaid and shepherd's pie household words. Shepherds seem to spend less and less time sitting under greenwood trees, dozing or carrying on small flirtations with girls named Phyllis and Phoebe.

I can remember an old Italian song called "La campana fa ding-dong-ding," which related a young shepherd's day around the clock. Nobody would dare sing it today. He would be ridiculed. Today's shepherd doesn't even own a crook or wear a smock. He wears shorts in good weather, and drives a small Fiat. He goes to town, or to the beach, or to the innumerable *calcio* games. He has, in fact, a bucolic sinecure.

He carries a transistor radio and he has a cheap television set in the cote. He is able to enjoy this new kind of life because the dog makes it possible.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Consumer Report

By Gerald Jonas

Someone's invented
a black light bulb,
the latest thing in dis-
illumination and instant
mystery. You snap it "on,"
and Space goes out.

Absence is a new dimension
in this night of nights;
your eyes become the distance,
and the line between
vision and visions
vanishes. Time's left
to tell itself by heart;
the other senses lose their grip.
Result: a mind unspent
by thought or passion—

Don't be afraid!
Truth doesn't change.
Scratch still follows itch
by Einstein's Xteenth Law,
and everything is possible
but also unnecessary.

Isn't this what you always wanted?
To be *free?* As free as viruses,
to remain motionless and not die,
to sit in the one dark and wait
for all walls to dissolve . . .
There's just one hitch: they haven't
found a way to find the switch
to turn it "off." But you can bet
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

It was Peter Lind Hayes who said, "The family that plays together stays together." Whether or not this is true, certainly one of the most attractive show business couples we know, who, for our money, can play either separately or together anytime, is Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. We caught them fresh from the filming of their latest togetherness, *Catch-22*, and right after a stint in which Dick had been directing Paula in two Off-Broadway plays, *Arf!* and *The Great Airplane Snatch*.

At our luncheon, Dick arrived first. After exchanging hellos, we told him how much we admired him in *Goodbye, Columbus*. He thanked us. "Paula's coming," he explained. "She's doing a little of whatever she does whenever she comes in anywhere." He ordered tomato juice. In a moment Paula arrived in a devastating smile, a torrent of hair, a micro-skirt, and bandages around both thumbs. She ordered—with the intriguing inflection she gives everything—iced tea.

Was she, we questioned, all thumbs, or did Dick bite her? "Both," she said. "Seriously, if I don't bandage them, I pick them. It's very interesting psychologically. When I was little I sucked my thumb until . . . "

"Until," interrupted Dick, "about two weeks ago."

"No," said Paula, "until I was about thirteen. But I had them at our wedding."

"You had them at the wedding?" Dick questioned.

"No," she said firmly, "I *hid* them at the wedding."

"Hid them at the wedding?" said Dick. "Paula, how could you?"

"Like," she said, "this." She made two fists.

They met at drama class at Northwestern. Dick was born in New York—the son of a garment man—and always wanted to be an actor.

Paula, on the other hand, was born in San Antonio, the daughter of an oilman; she grew up in Houston's swank River Oaks area, and at first didn't want to be an actress. "I did pre-med at Randolph-Macon," she told us, "but I think you have to have great security to be a doctor. Although, now that I think of it, I've met some pretty insecure doctors."

How, we asked Dick, did he think Paula's maturity was going now? "Terrible," he said, shaking his head, "simply terrible." "On the contrary," traded Paula, "if you call your maturity your relation to yourself, I think mine is going very well. It's a wonderfully exciting thing to get to know yourself."

"And vice versa," countered Dick. Paula ignored him. "Some women," she pursued, "actually choose a career instead of having someone to live with. I couldn't. I get desperately lonely in another *room* of our apartment. And our apartment is only four-and-a-half rooms."

"Ask her what time she gets up in the morning," Dick suggested.

What time do you get up in the morning? we asked. "About 6," she said. "And do you know what she does then?" Dick continued. "She comes and wakes me up and then says, 'Don't worry, dear, go back to sleep. I'll just sit here and wait for you to get up.' And then she sits on the end of my bed and just stares at me."

"About that maturity thing," Paula said, "there are some things I am that I am so much that I just can't worry about other people's opinion of them. But to have things like that, you've got to have a lot of you going for you."

What things? we asked. "Well," she said, "I like to dress a certain way. This blouse I have on, for example, I don't wear anything under it because I don't think that's what it's for. That's a minor thing, really. But a big thing is prejudice. When I told my mother I was going to marry Dick, she went back to her church in Houston and some of the ladies had something to say about it. So she immediately left the church."

We asked Dick to tell us about their meeting. "Well," he said, "I was studying with Alvina Kraus. She's a tiny woman, now about seventy-five, who has steel blue eyes that see into your skull. You can't hide. She's an inspired teacher. Look at the people she's taught—Patricia Neal, Warren Beatty, Charlton Heston, Jennifer Jones, Arthur Kennedy, Carol Lawrence, Ralph Meeker. She has a way of making you understand how real acting has to do with real life. She does that magical thing that makes your imagination come alive. In every scene she demands that something must be set against something—a person in conflict with another person, or with his or her environment—anyway something that saves that scene from being dead.

"Well, as I say, we were all studying with her and we learned there was a brilliant new actress coming. The word spread like wildfire. We thought we'd be damned if we'd have any brilliant actress in our already closed circle. I didn't go down to see her read the first time. But a friend of mine did and he came back raving. 'Benjamin,' he said, 'have I got the girl for you.' And then he added, 'She's got the greatest legs you've ever seen.'

"We had a year of chance meetings," Dick continued, "you know, the kind of thing where you catch one another's eye. I must tell you I thought she was pretty much insane. I am an orderly person and I like things *in* place. She was all over the place. She'd come from a warm climate and when it got cold she wore everything she owned. *Four* sweaters—on top of each other. And, on top of that, she was a four-point straight-A student. That *really* put me off. To me the worst thing of all is a wacky person who always gets everything right.

"All in all," he concluded, "I thought 'This is interesting. But I don't know if I want to get involved.' "

"Which reminds me," interrupted Paula, "I didn't like him much either. He talked all the time in class. And it seemed to me he acted," she paused meaningfully, "as if he knew it all. I had great animosity toward him. And then a friend of his told me, 'Listen, the kind of girl Dick likes has long fingernails'—which I've never had—'and is very sophisticated and pulled together.' "

"And then," said Dick, "a peculiar thing happened. I ran out of money and couldn't go back for the fall term and went to work at Gimbels. There I found myself thinking about her all the time. And then I went back and I directed her and we had very long rehearsals.

"The play, incidentally," he added, "was *The Disenchanted*."

"But don't forget," smiled Paula, "the last one you directed me in—*The Great Airplane Snatch*. Anyway," she continued, "the animosity just melted.

"It's funny though," she concluded, "we still have it sometimes—terrific animosity and then terrific love."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1841)

LAWRENCE DURRELL:
SPIRIT OF PLACE

All roads lead to Lyons, and no wise traveller will complain for this great city is also the axis of good eating—the very midriff of *haute cuisine*, as it were. Opinions have always differed about the climate of Lyons . . . But . . . you will not find a gourmet in France who has not made the sacred pilgrimage.

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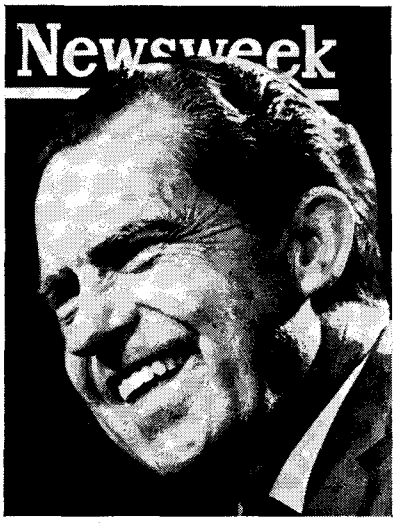
Sure, you've heard of Newsweek-but have you read it lately?



Newsweek's quoted everywhere these days. On TV by Walter Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley. In columns by Joseph Alsop, Murray Kempton, and William Buckley. On Capitol Hill by leaders of Congress. If you haven't read Newsweek yourself lately, here's a quick taste of some recent issues:

"Negroes would still rather proceed by persuasion, but the majority who think they can prevail by reason alone has shrunk from 51%-24% to 46%-34% in three years. And they are by no means certain how to proceed. They are convinced that they owe what they have won so far not to white charity but to black action: 68 per cent believe that marching, picketing and demonstrating have helped, and roughly two Negroes in five remain ready to march, picket or demonstrate again. Blacks are by no means ready to drop their white allies and band together strictly on color lines, as many black-power leaders have urged."

"To the statesmen charged with settling it, the end of the Vietnam war may still seem a long way off. But many of South Vietnam's more affluent and sophisticated citizens are not so sure, and already they have begun to hedge their postwar bets. Hundreds of them have slipped out of the country to self-imposed exile in Europe or the United States, and many hundreds more are clamoring to leave. 'When the war ends, it will mean a coalition government,' explains a Saigon university student. 'Then the Communists will be here, and that will destroy the South Vietnam we all love. So we want to get out'."

"Post-modern youth, as Yale's Robert Brustein notes, has already been sufficiently praised, even overpraised, for its qualities of commitment, spontaneity, humanitarian values and personal authenticity. America has always valued youth. But now there is a kind of cult of divine youth that suggests that the young are intrinsically superior to the old. The most objective neutral statement that can be made about the new youth class is that modern parents have got the children they professed they wanted."

"That there would be a resumption of all-out war in the Middle East in the immediate future still seemed doubtful. But what seemed sadly probable was continuation—and escalation—of the bloody game of tit for tat which the Israelis have come to call 'the war between the wars'."

"Studio press agents and willing press peddle so much nonsense about the popularity of movies with the movie generation that one fact of the matter is almost obscured: the American feature-film business as a whole is a losing proposition with a shrinking share of the national population as its audience."

"Some of the effects of the credit squeeze are bizarre. A Chicago banker tells of a businessman who balked at paying 10 per cent for a loan to meet his income-tax payments. The man told the loan officer that the Internal Revenue Service only charges 6 per cent on overdue taxes and 'I'll take that for a while rather than pay you 10.' But for other businessmen caught in the crunch, the problems are far less casual."

Go to the original source: Newsweek

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Saturday Review
July 26, 1969

VIETNAM
THE SPURNED PEACE

by Norman Cousins

"At least three opportunities for negotiations were lost before the Paris talks began."

On October 7, 1966, President Lyndon Baines Johnson emerged from a meeting at the United Nations with Secretary General U Thant. Waiting newsmen were handed a statement saying that the President had expressed his strong appreciation and gratitude to U Thant for his efforts toward improving the world's chances of peace. The President said that U Thant's services were needed "in this hour of trial."

The full story of that meeting, however, was not covered by the communiqué.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article, in slightly abridged form, also appears in the current issue of Look magazine. William Attwood, former U.S. Ambassador to Guinea and Kenya and presently Editor in Chief of Cowles Communications, Inc., publishers of Look, was instrumental in persuading the author to write this article at this time and in giving it the benefit of the enlarged audience that joint publication would provide.*

The President's visit had come at a critical time. U Thant, discouraged by his inability to bring about negotiations to end the war in Vietnam, had serious doubts about his continued usefulness as Secretary General. He had made known his intention to retire from the U.N. within a matter of months.

The President, quite literally, had gone out of his way to reassure U Thant. Accompanied by Secretary of State Dean Rusk and U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, the President called on U Thant in his office on the thirty-eighth floor. Ralph J. Bunche, U.N. Under Secretary for Special Political Affairs, joined the group at U Thant's request.

The five men sat around the large oak table in the Secretary General's conference room. The President spoke in general terms about U Thant's invaluable service to the world community and emphasized the importance of the personal role U Thant could play in helping to get the negotiations started that could help bring the war in Vietnam to an end.

U Thant asked the President why the United States had not accepted the opportunity for negotiations he had helped to bring about two years earlier. The President said he was puzzled by this response, and asked U Thant to explain.

U Thant described in detail the initiatives he had taken in the fall of 1964 to stop the fighting. He reminded the President of his visit to the White House early in August 1964. He had come away persuaded that the President's main purpose in Vietnam was to bring about a non-military end to this war under conditions of continuing stability. He had recognized that the President was looking beyond the end of the war to widespread reconstruction for the benefit of all the Vietnamese and to the development of the resources of the area, particularly in the Mekong Delta.

It was against this background that U Thant said he had sent a handwritten letter to President Ho Chi Minh of North Vietnam. The letter supported President Johnson's desire to begin meaningful negotiations as quickly as possible. It said that the only alternative to fast-mounting destruction was peace talks, that such talks would have to come sooner or later, and that the sooner they came the better it would be for all concerned. In particular, U Thant proposed immediate secret talks between Hanoi and Washington as a prelude to more formal negotiations.

Three weeks later, U Thant received a reply from Ho Chi Minh accepting the proposal to enter into secret talks.

U Thant said he had notified Adlai Stevenson, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Stevenson went immediately to Washington to convey the good news to Secretary Rusk. A week later, U Thant sought out Stevenson and said he was eagerly awaiting the reply from Washington to communicate to Hanoi. After all, the original impetus for the meeting had come from the President himself. Stevenson said he was certain Washington would respond before very long.

For more than four months, U Thant

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waited for Washington's reply. Finally, toward the end of January 1965, U Thant told Ambassador Stevenson that it was not reasonable to expect that the offer could be kept open much longer. His letter to Hc Chi Minh had been written in good faith, following his talk with Mr. Johnson. Why should there be any hesitation to proceed on a course that the President had said was essential? Stevenson went to Washington again; on his return, he reported to U Thant that the State Department was reluctant to enter into negotiations at that time because it feared the talks might result in a collapse of the South Vietnamese government.

U Thant told Ambassador Stevenson that the State Department might or might not be correct. After all, six governments had already collapsed in Saigon. No one could say whether there might not be a seventh—with or without respect to negotiations. But if the best way of ending the war was at the peace table, then it would seem axiomatic that this need should come first.

Ambassador Stevenson could only repeat that he had conveyed the position of his government as he understood it.

Several days later, the United States began systematic bombing of North Vietnam. The rationale for the bombing was that it was necessary to increase pressure on Hanoi to persuade it to come to the peace table. This concluded U Thant's recital for the President of the 1964-65 opportunity to get into talks.

President Johnson listened with visibly increasing concern to U Thant's account of the failure of the United States to take advantage of the kind of initiative he was now in 1966 strongly urging upon the Secretary General. The President said this episode was a new book to him, and that he was hearing about it for the first time.

The President turned to Dean Rusk and asked whether he had knowledge of the matter.

Secretary Rusk replied that Ambassador Stevenson had not been authorized to reject the negotiations. He did not say, however, whether Ambassador Stevenson had been authorized to accept them. Nor did he say why the State Department had not acted promptly and affirmatively when Stevenson first reported in September 1964 Hanoi's willingness to have exploratory talks.

Some time later, Secretary Rusk asserted in a separate conversation with U Thant that the United States had received word in the fall of 1964 from the Canadian representative on the International Control Commission in Vietnam to the effect that Hanoi had no interest in secret talks with the United States. This statement, however, was unsupported by the Canadians.

* * *

The terrifying question, of course, that emerges from this episode is why the President of the U.S. would not be informed by his own State Department of a development of such obvious significance for the whole of U.S. foreign policy. The bombing of North Vietnam was one of the most crucial decisions in the history of American foreign policy. That decision, the American people were given to understand, was the direct result of North Vietnamese intransigency in the matter of a non-military settlement. Many observers in this country—and throughout the world—feel the decision to start the air bombing resulted in the expansion and prolongation of the war, costing many thousands of lives—American and Vietnamese. Why had the President not been informed of an event that might have averted this terrible consequence?

What makes the matter all the more ominous is that this occasion was only one of several in which chances for peace were passed over or mismanaged. I have firsthand knowledge of two of these occasions. I shall try to describe both, mindful of the fact that my accounts may not be complete or precise in every respect, and that there may be honest differences about the relative weight or importance attached to some of the details; but I believe these accounts to be correct in their general pattern and import.

I begin with a minor episode. It was one in which I was personally involved.

On December 1, 1965, I was in Washington in connection with the White House Conference on International Cooperation Year. The President had appointed me to the chairmanship of the Committee on Culture and Intellectual Exchange. During the conference, I received a telephone call from Jack Valenti, President Johnson's assistant, asking me to come to the White House.

When I arrived, Jack asked whether I would be willing to submit some ideas for the State of the Union Message. I replied that I would be honored to do so.

Valenti then gave me a briefing on the President's ideas on major questions of domestic and foreign policy, with special reference to Vietnam. I was impressed by Valenti's careful and detailed recital of the President's position on Vietnam, which ruled out the pursuit of military victory through overwhelming force because of the increased risk of world nuclear war. He believed in the need for a negotiated peace that would provide for the future security and stability of the area. He also believed that Hanoi would be extremely reluctant to get into negotiations if it thought the United States would quit Vietnam out of sheer fatigue or indifference.

Basically, he said, President Johnson's policy in Vietnam was to fight a limited war, and to get to the negotiating table as soon as possible.

I agreed to work on a draft and to submit a text within a fortnight.

On December 13, something happened that enabled me to put to good use the information Jack Valenti had given me. Bohdan Lewandowski, Polish Ambassador to the United Nations, had dinner with me in New York. I had first met Lewandowski in connection with *Saturday Review*'s project in 1958 to help thirty-five Polish women whose bodies had been mangled by Nazi medical experiments during the Second World War. *SR* brought the women to the United States for medical and surgical treatment and for hospital care. A certain degree of rapport with officials of the Polish government was established as a result of the project. Ambassador Lewandowski was one of these officials. He was a young man in his thirties who had won wide respect at the United Nations for his intelligent and diplomatic approach to complex world issues.

At dinner, Lewandowski said his government was eager to be useful in

"Why had the President not been informed...?"

bringing about talks in Vietnam, but that some questions had been raised as to whether the United States actually wanted a negotiated peace or intended to press for a military solution.

Without identifying the source of my information, I drew heavily upon Valenti's briefing to provide substantial evidence of U.S. sincerity in seeking a negotiated peace. I emphasized that I was speaking as a private citizen.

The Ambassador said he found my recital convincing, and then added that he was sorry that the government leaders in Hanoi couldn't have heard it, too.

I told the Ambassador I would be most happy to go anywhere, including

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Hanoi, for the purpose of repeating what I had just told him if he felt it would have even the most remote usefulness.

The Ambassador replied that such an undertaking might indeed be desirable —all the more so in view of my private status. Ever since the end of the Second World War, in fact, both the United States and the Soviet Union had relied on unofficial missions to clear the way for more formal or traditional approaches.

The next day I spoke with William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, and told him of my conversation with Ambassador Lewandowski. He said that my description of the American position in Vietnam to Lewandowski was correct, and he encouraged me to take advantage of other similar openings to put across the idea that the United States was pursuing a policy of limited warfare in Vietnam and was genuinely eager to end the war through a political rather than a military settlement.

I feel a great temptation, from this vantage point in time, to say I was as severely critical of our government's policy on Vietnam in December 1965 as I am now. But I must be careful not to give myself the benefit of hindsight. In 1965, as now, I felt that we had become involved in Vietnam as the result of terrible and costly miscalculations, but I did not then question the genuineness of the Administration's proclaimed intention to

"Ho Chi Minh still didn't believe we were sincere...."

seek a non-military solution to the war. Nor was I aware, at that time, of the extent to which the President's own policy was being bypassed or flouted by other branches of the government. But events in which I was shortly to become involved gave me a different and certainly more disturbing comprehension of the inner split in our policy on Vietnam.

* * *

On December 22, 1965, I was called out of lunch in New York to take a telephone call from the White House. Both Jack Valenti and Bill Moyers were on separate extensions. Valenti said the President wanted me to go to the Far East with Vice President Hubert Humphrey. My specific assignment would be to represent President Johnson at the presidential inauguration of Ferdinand E. Marcos of the Philippines. I would also accompany the Vice President on his trip to Japan, Korea, and Taiwan. Valenti would be part of the official party.

Then Bill Moyers said the White House wanted to encourage me to take private soundings on the trip, and to find out what I could about the readiness of Hanoi to start talks. I said I was happy to accept.

We left for the Far East on December 27. The newspapers tended to emphasize the view that the Humphrey mission was part of a sizable "peace offensive" during the Christmas holiday bombing pause.

Not much eventuated during the trip to justify my unannounced assignment. There was, however, one episode of uncertain significance. In Tokyo, I saw a member of the House of Councillors of Japan, Kanichi Nishimura, a Christian minister, who had recently returned from Cambodia and North Vietnam. In Cambodia, he had had an audience with Prince Sihanouk, who had said the only solution for the Vietnam war was a policy of complete neutrality for Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam, in the spirit of the Geneva Agreements of 1954.

In Hanoi, the Reverend Nishimura had seen President Ho Chi Minh and brought up his conversation with Prince Sihanouk. Ho Chi Minh then indicated that he didn't think the Prince went far enough; he believed that North Vietnam should be included in the neutralization. Mr. Nishimura asked whether this meant that the United States would be expected to withdraw all its forces from South Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh didn't seem to think this was necessary right away so long as the fixed purpose of the United States was to support the neutrality of all Vietnam, North and South.

(The Reverend Nishimura's account tallied with a conversation I had had several weeks earlier in New York with Sudhir Ghosh, a member of the Indian Parliament. Ghosh had been in Belgrade, where he had spoken to members of the Yugoslav foreign ministry who had told him substantially what I had just heard from Nishimura.)

On January 3, we returned to Washington and reported to President Johnson.

The President began by saying he hoped the Vice President had good news. The President sat upright in his rocking chair and listened carefully as the Vice President gave a sequential account of his mission. Much of the report was concerned with the reactions of Asian leaders to what the Vice President had told them about the policy and purposes of the United States in Vietnam. He had taken with him a report of 190 meetings Secretary Rusk had had with diplomats from all over the world in an effort to advance the prospects of a non-military solution to the war in Vietnam. The Vice President said he had also stressed the commitment of the United States to improving the prospects for a better life for the peoples of Asian nations.

The President said he was especially pleased that the Vice President had emphasized this point. Everyone knows about the Vietnam war, the President said; very few seem to know about the Asian Development Bank and its potentialities for rebuilding and developing large parts of Asia. Even our allies sometimes fail to appreciate the importance of the Asian Bank; when the President had spoken to Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Chancellor Ludwig Erhard a short time earlier, the first point he made was that he expected them to increase their contributions to the Asian Bank.

The Vice President reported in careful detail his own conversations with Asian leaders on the subject of the Asian Bank. He also spoke of the emphasis he gave to the importance placed by President Johnson on non-military approaches to Asian problems, not just in Vietnam, but everywhere.

The President said we had to continue stressing the need for such non-military approaches. He felt that these ideas had to be gotten across—especially in Vietnam.

Then the President said reports were coming in from other sectors on the results of his attempt to use the bombing pause to persuade Hanoi to start peace talks. One of the difficulties we frankly had to face was that Ho Chi Minh still didn't believe we were sincere when we said we wanted to talk. North Vietnam was terribly suspicious and didn't want to commit itself until it was sure. Everything possible, said the President, should be done to convince them we meant business.

When the President asked for my impressions of the trip, I divided my report into two parts—the symbolic and the political. On the symbolic level, I said the Vice President had given considerable attention in his private and public statements to the historic importance of the emergence of the new and independent nations. This emphasis spoke to the deepest feelings of the people.

On the political level, I said, even though direct contact had not been established with representatives of North Vietnam, the fact that the Vice President was directly involved in this effort to bring about negotiations

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seemed to have considerable impact. I also reported on my meeting with the Reverend Nishimura.

The President then said that we should continue to do everything we could to get across the idea to Hanoi that the United States was ready to explore every opening that gave promise of a non-military end to the war.

A week later, I met with Ambassador Lewandowski who asked whether anything had happened on my trip to change my view that the United States was genuinely interested in getting to the peace table. I told him my conviction had been strengthened, if anything, as the result of the trip and the meeting with the President. The Ambassador said that this was fortuitous because he had come with good news: he had just received word that Hanoi would be happy to have me meet with a representative of the North Vietnam government for the purpose of having me, as a private citizen, bear witness to the good faith of the President in seeking negotiations. He said he was not in a position, at that moment, to specify the date and place for the meeting. This would be made known to me before too long. The Ambassador would be leaving for Warsaw shortly; his deputy would be in touch with me with further information.

After the Ambassador left, I telephoned Jack Valenti and reported this conversation; Valenti asked that I come to Washington the next day.

At the White House, Jack brought me directly to the office of McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant to the President for National Security. Mac had been tagged in some liberal circles as a hawk on Vietnam. It didn't take me very long to recognize that the designation was inaccurate. Bundy was perhaps the leading government proponent of the "limited" approach to the war; he was the principal opponent in the White House to the view often pressed upon the President that the United States should use maximum force in Vietnam.

It quickly became apparent from Bundy's questioning that he wanted to arrive at a precise calibration of the events that led up to Hanoi's willingness to see me. Was this the result of my own initiative or of Lewandowski's? Actually, I said, it was the product of an interaction of ideas addressed to a simple question: How serious was Washington about negotiations?

Bundy said the White House would give me all the information that might be useful on my trip and asked that I notify him as soon as I had specific word from the Poles about the date and place of the meeting.

On January 27, I received a telephone call at my office from Eugene Wyzner, deputy to Ambassador Lewandowski. He asked if he could see me immediately. We met within the hour. Wyzner said that the Ambassador was now in Warsaw and had just cabled him that Hanoi was now ready to have its representative meet with me at my earliest convenience. It was left to me to select a place for the meeting from among any of the diplomatic stations that North Vietnam maintained throughout the world.

Wyzner indicated, in response to my question, that the Polish government would be happy to facilitate arrangements if the site selected were Warsaw. I asked whether he considered the message from Hanoi as a sign that North Vietnam was ready to move toward negotiations. He said his own view was that Hanoi would not wish to see me unless there was a strong probability it was also prepared to move to more formal approaches.

When I telephoned this information to Jack Valenti, he said he would call me back shortly. Fifteen minutes later he asked that I come to Washington immediately and that I pack my bag for a trip to Warsaw.

When I arrived at the White House the next morning, I met with Valenti alone for the better part of an hour. He told me of several other recent probes indicating that Hanoi might be ready to start talking. Unfortunately, he said, as soon as Washington pursued these indications, they tended to dissolve. The result was that the White House was now very careful to avoid giving Hanoi the impression that it could vibrate the President or reduce his options. The bombing pause had now been in effect for more than a month, and it was important that Hanoi should not think it could get the United States to extend the bombing halt indefinitely just by teasing us with negotiation come-ons.

Obviously, I said, this was a matter for the government to decide. But the President himself had stressed, at the time of the Vice President's return from the Far East, the need to convince Hanoi of the genuineness of our intention to get into negotiations. Since Hanoi's willingness to see a private American seemed to be consistent with this purpose, I thought it might be useful at least to pursue the matter.

At this point, Mac Bundy entered the room. He said he feared that Hanoi's response on the matter of my visit might be too little and too late. Frankly, he said, there was a strong feeling inside the government that "the string had run out," and that Hanoi should not be encouraged to believe that the United States could be manipulated into extending the bombing halt indefinitely.

Bundy was then called out of the room to see the President.

I told Valenti that it seemed apparent from this conversation that a decision had been made by Washington to resume the bombing. I also said that the President had publicly announced that he was looking for some sign, however vague or slight, that Hanoi wanted to get into negotiations. Could we say for sure that we did not now have such a sign? Admittedly, Hanoi's willingness to send a representative to listen to a private citizen was not the same as a flat declaration, through diplomatic channels, of a desire to begin negotiations. But the history of dealing with the communist nations showed that unorthodox and private approaches not infrequently opened the way to more consequential exchanges. Besides, it was difficult to ignore the Poles, who believed we now had the sign we were waiting for.

"...there was a strong feeling inside the government that 'the string had run out'..."

Valenti said that we had to take into account the fact that the President had just been through an episode originating in India, resulting in a prolongation of the bombing halt, only to discover that Hanoi was somewhat less ready to talk than had been indicated. The President should not be exposed to another such false start.

McGeorge Bundy returned to the room and said he wondered whether there was some way of getting me in and out of Warsaw during the next forty-eight hours.

That sounded very much as though the decision to resume the bombing by Monday had already been made, I said.

Bundy replied he was unable to give me any definite word on that, but it was a serious error to suppose the bombing halt would be continued indefinitely without respect to other major factors bearing on the course of the war. He then repeated his earlier statement that the string had just about run out. He recognized, however, that there might be some value in getting through to Hanoi the view that a resumption of bombing, if it did occur, certainly did not mean that essential U.S. policy about limited war had

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changed, or that we were not still interested in having serious negotiations.

I said I wasn't sure I could be very persuasive under those circumstances. How could I get Hanoi to believe that the purpose of the bombing halt was to probe for peace if the bombing were resumed just after it indicated a desire to undertake preliminary conversations?

Bundy was called out of the room again.

I again turned to Valenti and said I thought it was tragic that the President should be deprived of what might well be the success of his policy. He had ordered a pause in the bombing, hoping for a response from Hanoi. He didn't say it had to take any particular form. It could be very slight—just so long as it was a response. We now had a response. It was indirect, but how could it be spurned? How could anyone take the responsibility for saying the President's strategy had not been successful until every possibility had been checked out?

Valenti said he agreed that no opening should be ignored. Then he asked me to follow him; he took me to the conference room next to the President's office and asked me to wait for a few minutes.

I walked around the room, looking at the collection of Remington paintings depicting the opening of the West. The men in the paintings were a hard-riding, hard-fighting, hard-nosed breed; one wondered whether, during the

"We now had a response....how could it be spurned?"

opening of the West, they were ever torn by doubt or soul-searching. Then came the melancholy thought: Was there anything in the style or thought of a man of reason that made him incapable of the toughness required to open up a continent or save it?

My musings along these lines were interrupted by Valenti's return. He said simply that I should telephone Wyzner immediately and tell him I would be leaving that night for Warsaw, and that I would be prepared to meet with the representative from Hanoi some time tomorrow afternoon or early evening.

Then he said it was possible I might need to have a session with Secretary Rusk before I left, and that I ought to stay close to the White House until we knew whether such a meeting could be arranged.

I called my office in New York to make the airline bookings. Within a few minutes I had confirmation of my reservations to Warsaw, with a brief stopover in London. I then telephoned Mr. Wyzner and told him of my plans.

Some thirty minutes later, I was called back to Jack Valenti's office. He said that I would be meeting with Ambassador Goldberg instead of Secretary Rusk. The President had assigned Arthur Goldberg a central role in the Vietnam situation. The Ambassador was on his way to the White House and would be meeting with me shortly in the conference room.

Once again, I waited among the crisply painted Remingtons, with their dauntless riders carrying their muskets high.

I didn't have to wait long. Ambassador Goldberg arrived within perhaps fifteen minutes and asked for a full recital of the events to date. He then told me of all the other missions during the bombing pause, including his own in Europe. He said he agreed that no sign should go unexplored, but that the feeling was now very strong that it was necessary to have something far more definite than a statement of willingness to meet with a private American citizen if the halt were to be extended. Supporting that feeling, he said, was the fact that if Hanoi had been really serious about getting into talks it would have found some way of getting word to one of the President's representatives on their various missions.

It was possible, I told Ambassador Goldberg, that Hanoi was skittish about going through official channels and that what was now needed—as the President himself had recognized in his conversations with the Vice President upon our return from the Far East—was an intermediate or private effort to convince Hanoi that it was justified in taking further steps. Perhaps that was why the North Vietnamese were willing to send a representative to Warsaw to listen to an American citizen who had no reason not to report the truth as he knew it.

I admired the Ambassador's candor and forthrightness. He said he saw the merit of my argument, and that I was, of course, free to go to Warsaw, but that he did not think the exercise would be propitious or fruitful. He, personally, would hate to see me placed in an awkward and untenable situation.

This confirmed my fear that a hard decision to resume the bombing had already been made. I asked Goldberg whether he felt anything could be done to forestall resumption.

At this late date, he said, he believed that only specific word direct from Hanoi unmistakably indicating a desire to get into talks could change the present course.

There was no point in pressing the matter. I told Ambassador Goldberg that I would communicate with Wyzner immediately in order to cancel the arrangements for my meeting in Warsaw.

Wyzner was not at his office. I left an urgent message asking him to meet me on my return to New York that afternoon; I would be leaving Washington on the first available flight.

Two-and-a-half hours later, I saw Wyzner in New York. I tried to be as diplomatic as possible in telling him of Washington's feeling that, in view of the fact that the bombing pause had already been extended several times, a more direct and substantial indication of Hanoi's willingness to enter into or explore negotiations was now in order.

Wyzner said he was upset and saddened by this development. Everyone knew, he said, that Hanoi felt it had been tricked before, and that it feared Washington had declared the bombing pause only because of the rising clamor of world public opinion, and that the United States was more concerned about propaganda strategy than a genuine strategy of peace.

If this was the way Hanoi felt, I said, then Poland was in a far better position than I to offer evidence to the contrary.

He said he could not speak for the Polish government; as an individual, however, he could only say that he felt Washington had underestimated the significance of the step Hanoi was taking in being willing to see me. Only someone who had firsthand knowledge of Hanoi's view of the world could appreciate how essential it was to have preliminary measures that could clear the way for larger ones.

I told Wyzner that I had the fullest awareness of the point he was making, but that we had to deal with the situation as we found it. That situation now called for a substantive indication by Hanoi of a desire to move on the official level. Whatever our private estimates or desires, it was necessary to do what we could to meet this defined need. Under the circumstances, all governments with direct access to Hanoi might be encouraged to persuade Hanoi that the bombing pause was not indefinite, and that a clear sign of a desire to talk was required.

Wyzner said he would do what he could but was still saddened and apprehensive.

Several hours later, in response to a phone call, I saw Wyzner again. He had notified Warsaw of the change in

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Little Tri and Power

by PETER BARTON

Young, Young Man: His Burrow

Bark of the roots, and animals around me
In tight ground. Footfalls hunting me above.
I think of all the women I couldn't have.
They come home. I'm out.

There is no cave away from sound.
If only I could cough, not caring,
Make noise back, jeer their listening. No.
I cannot find saliva, anyway. I chew bullet shells.

Sound rumples the jungle in waves.
Planes go North, dragging their voices.
We lived well there under the bridge,
Catching crawfish for Hanoi.

A tree squats over me.
I breathe with its crotch.
Mortars hop nearer: dry heaves.
Will my soil retch me out?

Is it gas this time, or fire?
We dug the cool sand, in the bridge's shadow.
A wife here, one there is not enough
To save my last children, under the bridge.

"I Stand and Lift the Lid"

Man lying in my door this dawn
I edge from my hole, hoping he'll move
He smells like a dog been hunting in the rain
Seems to me he lived here once
Hips turned very high,
Shoulder crushed flat,
His belt twice too big,
He swallows all the light
As it reaches my sill.

"The Family Gets Smaller"

My sons loved a monsoon.
Our roof then was tied fast, raintight,
Walls crackled when they wrestled laughing
Their laughs could cut through good wet-leaf sounds.

No reason for winds now without the foliage.
The crickets they used to chase are gone.

Floods then came always
We had a boat
That all of us shingled with our hats . . .
I am too old to caulk it again.

"The Ground Shivers More Than We Do"

Night is the hardest time.
The jungle strains for a silence
That can comfort all the listening soldiers.

Something is always moving.
Someone is always running.

Beneath our clearing
My mat is damp
But, oh, it helps.

"Here Comes a Safe Time"

Such a day:
First wind greets my face like water.
The forest shakes off leftover rain —
My hat does, too.

But in my farthest paddy, tired men are moving.
My bullock turns around,
Chews on a gust, scrapes the gate,
Remembers to be hungry,
Dreams of, one day, working again.

At my fords they go sowing stakes to jab
I don't know who . . .

"Instead of Tossing and Scratching"

I had an afternoon dream:
The war had stopped.
Houses stayed shut.
No one came out
But my wife
Calling her youngest.

—Little Tri, the voice of the last five of these poems, is a Vietnamese farmer. The first, "Young, Young Man: His Burrow," is in the voice of his nephew, lost in the fighting.

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Will Success Spoil Bretton Woods?

The following guest editorial is by Richard N. Gardner, author of "Sterling-Dollar Diplomacy: The Origins and the Prospects of Our International Economic Order," to be published by McGraw-Hill on July 28.

It is not an anniversary likely to be celebrated in newspaper headlines or TV specials, but twenty-five years ago this week the charters of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank were agreed upon at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire. That event created the international financial system still in operation today.

Everything considered, the negotiators at Bretton Woods did not do too badly. Impressed by the failures of economic diplomacy after World War I, they were determined to avoid another Great Depression, and to lay an adequate economic foundation for world peace. One measure of their success may be seen in the fact that, in the quarter-century since Bretton Woods, there has been an era of economic advance unparalleled in the history of mankind.

To give all the credit for this economic record to the planners at Bretton Woods would be an obvious oversimplification. But it is clear that they must have done *something* right. If they had not had the foresight to draft the fund and bank agreements before the war ended, the basis for the postwar growth in trade and production would not have existed.

Yet, the system established at Bretton Woods is now in serious trouble. One of the reasons, paradoxically, is that it has worked so well. The system lacks the resources and the flexibility to cope with the fantastic increase in trade and capital flows that it made possible. The remedy is not another Bretton Woods Conference, as some have urged, but a series of negotiations aimed at reforming the system on a number of key points.

The first and most pressing necessity is to activate the new facility for Special Drawing Rights in the International Monetary Fund, and to create enough of this "paper gold" to sustain a climate of free trade and economic expansion. In concrete terms this means issuing at least $15 billion of SDRs during the initial five-year period, with perhaps $5 billion in the first year to compensate for recent reserve losses.

Second, new techniques of international reserve management need to be devised so that countries do not run from dollars, sterling, and other currencies into gold. The best way to do this would be for countries to pool their gold and currency reserves in consolidated accounts with the fund.

Third, new arrangements are needed to improve the balance-of-payments adjustment process. More effective international pressures through the fund and other forums should be brought to bear not only on deficit countries but on surplus countries that drain reserves out of the system. Since governments are reluctant to adjust exchange rates for reasons of prestige and domestic politics, devices such as the "crawling peg" by which parities could move by 1 or 2 per cent each year in response to economic forces should also be explored. Before putting this type of system into effect, of course, a major realignment of existing exchange rates—notably a revaluation of the mark and a devaluation of the franc—is in order so as to compensate for the adjustment failures of the past.

Finally, there is a need for much bolder approaches in aid to less developed countries, whose problems were hardly considered by the draftsmen at Bretton Woods. Adequate amounts of aid on sufficiently liberal terms are unlikely to be provided as long as the necessity exists for annual contributions by Congress and other national legislatures. The rational solution—admittedly a difficult one politically—would be to combine reserve creation with development assistance, allocating substantial amounts of SDRs to multilateral lending agencies for relending to the developing countries.

This is quite an agenda for those who bear the responsibility of running the international financial system. They can cope with it, if they demonstrate the same commitment to economic internationalism and the same qualities of courage and imagination as their predecessors who met at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, twenty-five years ago. —RICHARD N. GARDNER.

The Departure

by Jascha Kessler

I had known who you were
long before I woke up
and found you beside me,
before I turned the car,
left, down an unknown street
full of such poor people
who stared as we drove through.

At the end, at the wharf,
the ship was waiting still,
the great old famous Queen
with the thousand cabins
and the holds vast enough
for all that was needed
on the long excursion.

My mind was not made up.
And I had no money.
What had I left undone?
Yet I could not return.
But where were they going?
It had not been announced.
And I had not been asked.

While the gulls screamed and swooped
we crept on board her then
over an unwatched plank.
Behind us the city
that had been deserted
so many years ago
spread silent, empty, dead.

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Letters to the Editor

Sizing Up Diminished Man

CONGRATULATIONS to Archibald MacLeish on "The Revolt of the Diminished Man" [*SR*, June 7]. A principal symptom of this diminishment is the abdication of man's potential divinity, or, more simply, his own importance to the agencies he employs. The cause of the difficulty, or perhaps the source that we might suspect as the cause, is the monolithic integration of industry, government, and the universities. This is not only in the use of university research facilities to produce weapons, but in the fact that the universities have become the exclusive custodian of our intellectual life, due to the mutual reinforcement provided by its partnership with government and industry.

In the past, the university was not the only gate to heaven; one could take it or leave it, it was not a necessity. But something altogether different took place in the Fifties. It began in industry with government contracts. Industry became cut off from competitive requirements, and the number of engineers, especially research engineers, became the criterion by which government selected its suppliers and recipients for research grants. There ensued a vast buildup of engineering staffs in industry; there had to be some criterion for selecting these engineers, and this became the university degree. The concept of the importance of "education" gained prominence, and the monolithic integration of industry, the armed services, and the universities provided a strong reinforcement, a feedback that removed the checks and balances that in earlier times kept these aspects of public activity from getting out of hand.

This is the cause of the Diminished Man, because it has enthroned professionalism (scientific and academic) in a position of such power that abuse is inevitable—and this abuse takes the form of substituting the automated man of scientism for the universal man of earlier cultures.

That the monolithic cooperation of the industries, the services, and the universities is detrimental to society as a whole is a possibility that the taxpayer, the student, and the entrepreneur would at least suspect, but that each of these several functions would believe that it was detrimental to itself would be unlikely. Each one has benefited greatly from this working cooperation. Industry has never been so busy and the services are drawing the highest budget in history.

How then can a reform be effected? How can we persuade these powerful agencies to practice self-limitation? Each from his own point of view is doing what's best for everyone. One possibility draws on the fact that success is not so blinding as to prevent recognizing the errors of others. Surely, both industry and the universities can see that the services, for all their sophisticated weaponry, are not winning wars, and industry and the services can see that universities, for all their Ph.D.s, are not turning out great scientists, scholars, or even practical technicians, and perhaps the universities and the services could detect how the large companies are keeping alive by buying up the small companies that have been doing the work and producing the new developments.

ARTHUR YOUNG,
Downingtown, Pa.

MANY OF OUR artists and numbers of our youth accept the MacLeish premise and want out. They are ready to abandon and destroy the establishment that produces such devastating diminution of man's role in life. Could MacLeish be wrong? Could he be witness to a terrestrial upheaval in man's affairs in which man has set for himself an evolutionary leap forward and is timorously adjusting himself for the break-through? Could man have come to the stage where he is learning how to control the atom, travel the universe, live in space, and organize energy as working tools for a new generation of humanity?

By stating the issue in this way, we refuse to accept carte blanche the assumption that man's newly achieved industrial technology is essentially evil, and that his newly integrated and highly enhanced knowledge is destructive because it is too hot to handle. Another possible premise says man's continuing evolutionary march indicates that he can develop the mental machinery (or cerebral structures) necessary to handle this vast sophisticated complex of information and technology.

If we fail to accept this second premise, we are likely to go along with MacLeish's premise that modern society has diminished the stature of man and in the process created the evils of war, half-rich half-poor nations, festering cities, impotent universities, vicious racists, and a human situation forever threatened by instant destruction by the atom. The acceptance of this premise will indeed expose us to a dropping-out phenomenon that will invite a new "paralysis of the Middle Ages," the very intellectual and spiritual danger MacLeish wishes to ward off. The maturation of man's cerebral structures and social machinery to the stage where he can handle his affairs efficiently could lead him into a Renaissance of the arts, sciences, and humanities.

The diminution of man is a process that started when he broke out of the confines of his narrow valley and discovered other God-given patterns in neighboring valleys. We had to wait till Copernicus to recognize solar centrality, and what torment this discovery occasioned for the astronomer Galileo. Then came Einstein. He not only brought us to view the constellations of the firmament in a meaningful space-time perspective, he decoded the basic synergetic energy system of our universe. And we have been busily trying to make old ways of life accommodate to these new realities of our world. The result has been chaos and frustration as we tried to assimilate all the new knowledge and procedures into the old forms of social behavior. It is now necessary to face up to the need to blend our accommodation to the new forces with our assimilation of these same forces into the structure of man's personal needs and individual dignity.

Don't be alarmed by a few cataclysmic blow-offs in the process. Particularly if these include a few universities with their heads buried in the archaeologic remains of a great civilization.

ELI TASH,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Politicos vs. Architects

I FEEL I MUST reply to Wolf Von Eckardt's article "The Sad State of Federal Architecture" [*SR*, June 7]. While I would have been proud to have been the author of the parti and design of the Philadelphia federal building, the truth is that three associated firms, Carroll, Grisdale & Van

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"But I don't want to smell like a saddle!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Naughty Time

WHEN THE first word of mouth came oozing uptown from *Oh! Calcutta!* previews, it was clear that Kenneth Tynan's collection of pornographic sketches and nude dance sequences would be, if the law did not interfere, a long-running hit, no matter what the reviews turned out to be. The more people described the offensiveness of the show's material, the more curious we all became.

And so it has come to pass. The New York daily newspapers showered it with such adjectives as sophomoric, anti-erotic, disgustingly clinical, cheaply sensational, degrading, witless, dull, tasteless, and unfunny. Yet the demand for tickets was so great that the management announced that beginning in September it would raise the prices of the two front rows of seats to $25 a ticket.

Furthermore, *Time* gave *Oh! Calcutta!* "two plusses for the laughter it evokes and its rousing celebration of the body beautiful," and *Newsweek* hailed its humor and nudity, predicting that *Oh! Calcutta!* was part of "a sporadic hammering process that will certainly crack, if not break, the petrifaction of our socio-sexual lives."

Now while breaking petrifaction is surely a good thing, *Oh! Calcutta!* seems to be doing something quite different. To an audience composed mainly of people between the ages of thirty and fifty it presents a naughty evening of calculated impropriety, a sophisticated smoker, not as arousing as stag films, but something that can be talked about mainly because it says and does in a commercial theater what heretofore has been considered illicit. To discuss a stag film is to brand oneself a lecher. But to mention *Oh! Calcutta!* is to show oneself broad-minded and au courant.

It is interesting to note that when a noncommercial theater such as Richard Schechner's Performance Group uses nudity, sexual behavior, and four-letter words in the service of its concept of Euripides' *The Bacchae (Dionysus in 69)*, the fact that these elements have an artistic validity somehow makes the latter work less of a cocktail party item. Perhaps to talk about *Dionysus in 69* is to risk being regarded as some kind of a nut.

Whatever the reason for its popularity, *Oh! Calcutta!* is here, and apparently here to stay. And for all its drawbacks, it is not a completely unrewarding evening. It begins murkily but promisingly with an apocalyptic tableau of a garbage heap in which portions of naked bodies can be barely discerned, and from which emanates a couple of orgasmic sighs. Next, on a semi-darkened stage the entire cast of five men and five women gradually remove their bathrobes to achieve total nakedness. It is not so much a striptease as it is an acclimatization, a seeking by the performers to make themselves, and the audience, comfortable with their nakedness.

Here, as throughout the evening, director Jacques Levy has seen to it that there is never very much light in the auditorium, so that the individual theatergoer is less aware than usual of the social presence of other theatergoers. It could be argued, of course, that this vitiates the theater's greatest virtue, which is that the theatergoer does become aware that his responses are shared by others, and that it degrades the theater event into a peep show. But quite practically, it does decrease the danger of embarrassment at responding to socially disapproved material.

The rest of the first act consists of six comic sketches that attempt to make us laugh at some of the absurd manifestations of modern sexual behavior. One, in which a young man tries to get his overly practical girl friend to participate in his wild sexual fantasies, has nice flashes of irony, but takes too long to get to its final surprise. Another, about an unorthodox masturbator who can't help thinking of the Lone Ranger at the climactic moment, is slightly amusing. And a burlesque-type routine about a bewildered young man and woman who have volunteered for a sexual response experiment does have hilarious moments, a zany performance by Bill Macy, and an adequate punch line.

The authorship of each sketch is not specifically revealed in the program. Samuel Beckett, Jules Feiffer, John Lennon, and Dan Greenburg are prominent in a general list of contributors that also includes Leonard Melfi, Sam Shepard, Clovis Trouille, Sherman Yellen, David Newman, and Robert Benton, plus, of course, Tynan. This is fortunate, for most of the material is so weak and vague that it is hard to believe that it was written by such experienced writers.

Indeed, the one piece that might stand up in court, were it necessary to prove that *Oh! Calcutta!* is not completely without redeeming social value, is also the one that has infuriated some critics because of its abasement of the actress involved. In it a gentleman asks his chambermaid to remove her bloomers preparatory to being whipped. As she hunches over in totally revealed indignity, the gentleman points out that the girl is actually Nancy Tribush, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate from Brooklyn College, and that she is free not to do this and still keep her job. That she does not exercise this freedom, he suggests, may explain why he doesn't have complete faith in democracy.

There is also a parody of the decorous, overwritten prose authors once used to describe indecorous behavior, in which a well-bred young lady hesitantly speaks of "the moist mysteries of my virgin recesses." But here, as in all the sketches, the action takes twice as much time as it should. It is also possible that each sketch suffers from the whole show's constant preoccupation with one subject. As we all know, one or two ribald stories exchanged at a party can be great fun. But an entire evening of dirty jokes tends to become monotonous.

In contrast to the general ineffectuality of the sketches, the show's nude dance numbers, choreographed by Margo Sappington, are refreshing. The lovely Miss Sappington and George Welbes perform a lovers' duet that most artistically creates the ecstasy of totally uninhibited bodily contact, without simulating intercourse. Oddly enough, it is danced to a narrative song about a sordid love affair, but fortunately the words are seldom distinct enough to ruin the event.

A more appropriate song written and played by The Open Window to accompany another nude ensemble number is the lush and evanescent "Much Too Soon," a lament for the brevity of our sex lives. And the free-swinging naked finale is wittier than all the calculated attempts at wit that have preceded it. As they cavort uninhibitedly about, the performers say what the audience can't help thinking. "What the f--- are they doing up there?" asks one. "Who wrote this piece of s--- anyway?" inquires another. And at the end the entire company merrily rocks back and forth together singing, "I came here on a dare, but now I want it." Come to think of it, maybe there is just enough that is effective in *Oh! Calcutta!* to suggest that some day a distinguished naked and sexually uninhibited revue could be created.

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An essay review of Robert Graves's "On Poetry: Collected Talks and Essays" (Doubleday, 597 pp., $10)

A Voice Outside the Cliques and Politics of Literature

by ROY FULLER

An invitation to deliver the six Clark Lectures on English poetry at Cambridge University has often been accepted by the lecturer as an opportunity to make a coherent statement at convenient length on some matter of vital professional concern. Viewed from this lofty standpoint the lectures given by Robert Graves in 1954, which open this new collection, must be reckoned disappointing.

His subject, "Professional Standards in English Poetry," undoubtedly gave him scope enough; but by 1954 his long independence as a poet had led him to a considerable degree of eccentricity, a preoccupation with literary King Charles's heads, and a contempt, really, for many kinds of writers and writing.

Except for the years of the Spanish Civil War and World War II, Graves has lived in a Mallorcan village since 1929, spiritually as well as geographically outside the cliques, movements and politics of literature. However right this may have been for his verse, it seems to me to have constituted too isolated a position for an important critic. That Graves once had the makings of such a critic may be seen from his earlier books, such as *Poetic Unreason* and *A Pamphlet Against Anthologies*. But in the Clark Lectures there are too many queer judgments and rather boring excursions into dotty, as one judges, anthropology and mythology. For instance, his invention and research in such matters adds little to an interesting subject like the origin of poetic meters: "When two hammers answer each other five times on the anvil — *ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum*—five in honor of the five stations of the Celtic year, there you have Chaucer's . . . hendecasyllabic line."

This said, one gratefully admits that Graves's prose is constantly fresh, vigorous and uncompromising. And on the meat of the subject in the Clark Lectures—the apologia for the poet's independence that he himself has embodied—everything he says is expressed with pungency and brilliance. On the poet's inevitable other job ("any position that makes him condone the printing or broadcasting of poems which he himself would not choose to print or broadcast is a dangerous one"), his public ("his chief loyalty is to the Goddess Calliope, not to his publisher, or to the booksellers on his publisher's mailing list"), his integrity (it "consists of his not forming ties that can impair his critical independence, or prevent him from telling the whole truth about anything, or force him to do anything out of character") Graves is excellent and unexceptionable.

On a number of other topics he has often a valuable (and, to me, highly sympathetic) view to offer, even though to some it may seem perverse. For example: "I expect poems to say what they mean in the simplest and most economical way; even if the thought they contain is complex. I do not mind exalted language in poetry any more than I mind low language, but rhetoric disgusts me." And his remark that the early Dylan Thomas did not aim "deliberately off-target . . . Thomas seems to have decided that there was no need to aim at all, so long as the explosion sounded loud enough. The fumes of cordite would drift across the target and a confederate in the butts would signal bull after bull."

I think the breaking-point of Graves's critical attitude is his inability to admit that poetical independence can be compatible with poetry having, to put it crudely, social purpose. "The whole

ROY FULLER, English poet and novelist, is currently Oxford Professor of Poetry.

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period between, say, Marvell and Blake was poetically barren," he asserts, because he sees that Dryden and Pope served other than a personal Muse, and is therefore at a loss to account for their achievements. Similarly, he is driven to attack Wordsworth with a trivial and unfair (though ingenious and amusing) device which only works by ignoring Wordsworth's best poetry.

The remainder of the collection is largely given over to the lectures Graves delivered at Oxford from 1960 to 1965, when he held the university's Chair of Poetry. The discourse of the Clark Lectures is continued in the Oxford lectures under the terms "Muse poetry" and "Apollonian poetry," to the latter's disadvantage, naturally.

> Apollonian poetry is composed in the forepart of the mind: wittily, should the occasion serve, always reasonably, always on a preconceived plan, and derived from a close knowledge of rhetoric, prosody, Classical example, and contemporary fashion . . . Muse poetry is composed at the back of the mind: an unaccountable product of a trance in which the emotions of love, fear, anger, or grief are profoundly engaged, though at the same time powerfully disciplined; in which intuitive thought reigns supralogically, and personal rhythm subdues meter to its purposes.

The Oxford lectures must necessarily be a very different kettle of fish from the Clark Lectures. They have to be spread over five years at the rate of three a year (that Graves prints only thirteen is because here three of

(*Continued on page* 33)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1355

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1355 will be found in the next issue.

QFZ AZXXVT QFMQ JMSJ, "L WMS RZ TUVKO, REQ—" NVZJ KVQ RZXLZIZ QFZUZ BMK RZ MKS JEBF DVJJLRLXLQS.

—CLK FERRMUN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1354

I do not like work even when another person does it.
—Mark Twain.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Disturbed

I am disturbed by John Lear's review of Michael Crichton's *The Andromeda Strain* [*SR*, June 28], not because I hold great brief for the book, but because Mr. Lear misstated a critical component of the plot and the (as he calls it) "satire." The virus of the title is captured, not unexpectedly but in a sense hopefully, by a Scoop satellite, designed to capture life forms beyond our atmosphere. It is not, in the book, brought to earth by a manned spaceship.

I do not find important implications in Dr. Crichton's book. Nor do I find novelistic prowess. What I enjoyed—briefly—was the assemblage of (to me) recherché information about the state-of-the-art in several pockets of current technology.

Adeline Naiman,
Newton, Mass.

Why did Mr. Lear wait so long to write "Is There a Lunar Microbe Stranger Than Science Fiction?"? Will our letters to anyone make any difference so late in this game of space travel?

Paul R. Nathe,
Albany, N.Y.

No Way to Advance Peace

The letters in several issues of *SR* critical of my review of Noam Chomsky's *American Power and the New Mandarins* [*SR*, May 31] all, in one set of words or another, ask the same question: What is so terrible in being emotional about the war in Vietnam?

People, of course, have a right, and sometimes a duty, to react emotionally, and even passionately, to what they consider to be a great evil; and Mr. Chomsky has this right and this duty no less than anyone else. I was not, however, reviewing a mere article or pamphlet. Mr. Chomsky has offered the public a book of over 400 pages, with the following subtitle: "Historical and Political Essays." In a book of such length, purportedly scholarly and analytical, one has a right to expect a great deal more than emotional outbursts and the indiscriminate use of verbal passion, including vituperation, exaggeration, and empty rhetoric.

Nor can I find an excuse for the author's furtherance of a hate-America campaign. I hate the war in Vietnam as much as he does, and as much as the letter-writers do, but I cannot, for the life of me, see how peace in Vietnam can be advanced by hating the United States. Can a hateful nation be expected to love the Vietnamese? Can a warlike nation be expected to let the Vietnamese live in peace?

As I reviewed the book, it seemed to me that one had a right to expect from an expert in language analysis some contribution to thought analysis; or at least that he would not spread confusion of thought. I thought that one who takes his stand on love can be expected not to spread hate, and that one who takes his stand on truth would be careful not to color or pervert the truth.

These, I submit, are elementary moral claims a critic—or any reader—may make on an author, whether one is for or against the war in Vietnam. There can be such a thing as a good book about a bad war, or a bad book about a good or bad war.

Milton R. Konvitz,
Ithaca, N.Y.

I found Milton Konvitz's review of Professor Chomsky's book excellent because it was fair, objective and well-balanced. Professor Chomsky is clearly one-sided by picturing Americans as sadistic monsters and ignoring the brutalities of the Communist police states. It seems incredible that there are so many well-educated people who can argue for replacing rational thought by emotions. Emotionalism leads one to believe what one wants to believe regardless of facts, and creates easy victims for demagogues. For those who discard rational discourse it is clearly a waste of time to read anything except that which fits their own biased view of the world.

Jan Kmenta,
Okemos, Mich.

The Golden Pen

I was filled with disbelief to read Robert J. Milch's petty put-down of Harry Golden's *The Right Time* [*SR*, July 5]. The vitriolic contents of his alleged review corrodes both Milch's claim to be a reviewer and his credibility as a self-professed knowledgeable commentator on the tastes of the reading public. I note that nowhere in his review does Milch cite specifics of omission or commission to justify his condescending condemnation of the book.

Milch's implication that readers who enjoy Golden's happy little reminiscences are sentimental nincompoops, who somehow are responsible for the mess in which a whole world finds itself, goes beyond the purview of a book reviewer and approaches poor taste.

Joseph Rosenzweig,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Harry Golden has done one thing that many renowned authors have failed to do: entertain and enlighten. Few realize exactly what Harry Golden is: he speaks the unspoken thoughts of many of us; he needles the Establishment into accepting his views (see the Golden Integration Plan), and he kids our times in light of his. It is refreshing to find an author who sells without a single four-letter word in his works. Harry Golden may not be Dr. Johnson—but he is our modern day Mark Twain!

Frederick C. Hervey,
Charlotte, N.C.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

I suppose I was about nineteen or twenty when I first woke with a click, like a light being switched on, at four A.M. It happened night after night and I was horrified. Too restless to lie still, too afraid of awakening my parents to get up, I took to reading. At the time I did not know that throughout the world there were men and women, girls and boys, who like myself were reading in the quiet of the night until, at last, they fell asleep again in the early or late dawn.

Not that settling down to read for several hours, night after night, is an easy habit to acquire. All insomniacs have a desperate feeling that they ought to be asleep, and that if they could only strike the right anodyne, sleep they would. I tried, either then or later, almost all the dodges that are recommended by the sleep-exploiters: different mattresses; eye-blinkers (very good these, especially the Japanese variety provided by Pan Am to cut out television for those who do not wish to look at it on their trans-Atlantic flights); ear plugs (always useless); food (apples, cheese, nuts—fine when young, hopeless when older); music (variable), and on rare occasions, when the waking started at one A.M., drugs, which proved next to useless. Either one had to take so much that one was doped for the rest of the waking day, or so little that it had no effect. In any case I hate drugs; I preferred to be sleepless.

As I discovered that two to three hours' reading in the middle of the night had not the slightest effect on my working or playing day, I began to feel a secret pleasure in acquiring an advantage over most scholars—and promptly slept far better. Fortunately, the white nights return; a good year will give way to a bad one; and so I have gradually evolved something of a guide for the insomniac's reading.

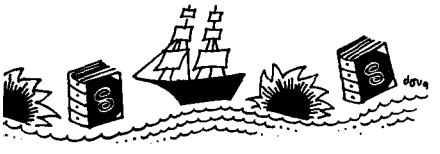
One thing, however, that I had never discovered was a good book on sleep. Quack advice everywhere abounded. But way back in the Thirties and Forties, when I was really stricken, no scientist or doctor seemed interested. Now Sleep Laboratories exist from Miami to Seattle, and we have at last what should be every insomniac's bedside companion: *Insomnia: The Guide for Troubled Sleepers*, by Gay Gaer Luce and Dr. Julius Segal (Doubleday, $6.95). A magnificent book, lucid and sane, it combines scientific wisdom with a warm human approach to a problem that haunts maybe thirty million Americans. They should provide an admirable market; but even sleepers should buy the book, for the authors deal in the most fascinating way with sleep as well as sleeplessness; and, after all, sleep is one of mankind's major activities.

Deprivation of sleep seems not, however, to be so crippling as deprivation of active sleep—those periods when we dream, moan, toss, talk, and live with curious mental violence even though our bodies lie supine. Several times a night we come up from the untroubled depths for a bout of such turmoil, and then sink back again. And that is the point where insomnia of the early sleep-early wake variety breaks in. Presumably the personality stresses and anxieties are too great for the usual mechanism to bear, and so we are driven into consciousness.

Personality and sleep, therefore, are deeply linked, so deeply linked that palliatives and drugs can only have a temporary effect. The root causes of sleeplessness lie within us, and they may be of either a permanent or a temporary nature. Sudden anxieties and stresses are removed; others go deeper and cannot be. What is to be done?

Here the authors, it seems to me, give the most admirable advice. First, learn the type of sleeper you are. People's needs are as varied as their characters, and maybe you are trying to get eight hours when you only need six, or behaving like an owl when you are really a lark. Develop a ritual if you can, or, rather, seize on one if you find it works. (I always put on my blinkers as soon as light awakens me—more often than not they act like magic.) Remember that almost all insomniacs sleep more than they think they do—far more. If you can, live with it, as you would with warts or a club foot. If you cannot, and grow ever more distracted, then take your personality problems, not your insomnia, to your doctor, and maintain a defensive attitude to drugs, about whose side effects and capacity for permanent damage we know so little.

Yet in spite of the latest and safest methods—hypnosis, electro-sleep, and deep relaxation exercises—most of us will have to learn to live with our mild and intermittent insomnia. And it is very likely that there is no better anodyne than a book. But what books?



Avoid those with compelling narrative or gripping drama. As a young man I thought I would catch up on my Russian classics, and I started on *The Brothers Karamazov* one white night. Of course, I was reading through to breakfast, until I got to Father Zossima's story where tedium soon pushed me back into deep sleep. Novels are not good, neither are biographies or, indeed, any book with powerful continuity. Poetry, anthologies, essays, diaries are the safest categories for the insomniac. I have found *The Ages of Man*, George Rylands's marvelous Shakespearean anthology (and who writes more movingly about sleep than the Bard?), a wonderful bedside book for the last twenty years. It should never be out of print. Edmund Wilson's essays are another favorite. I am always wide enough awake to derive pleasure from their perception and wit, and they are often short enough to bridge the gap neatly enough. I have used dawn time to work through the great diaries—Pepys, Evelyn, Saint-Simon. Again it does not matter when you stop; the narrative pull is small. Correspondence is even better. For years I kept Keats's *Letters* by my bedside, and W. S. Lewis's magnificent edition of Horace Walpole's *Correspondence*, for if Walpole's sparkling style encourages wakefulness, his correspondents are usually nicely soporific.

And yet, the wily insomniac must be careful about boring writers. Dulled too soon, he will not sleep. It is essential to have one's mind taken off insomnia. One must be held by what one reads, even excited, so long as the excitement does not stretch out beyond the normal period of wakefulness. Angus Wilson's short stories, engrossing, even disturbing, filled in a week's insomnia neatly for me. Another excellent anodyne was Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Historical Essays*. Gradually, as one becomes familiar with one's limits and learns to recognize and accept the warning bells of returning sleep, the period of insomnia may be used for more continuous works; but, no matter how experienced, avoid strongly emotional narratives. Do not substitute someone else's stresses for your own.

Perhaps, however, the most curious thing about insomnia and sleep is the way publishers have neglected both. Here is an area as important as sex or food, and yet the literature is negligible. And why not an insomniac's book club? With a potential membership of millions, it ought to make a modest profit for someone.

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USA

THE DEATH OF PRIVACY

by Jerry M. Rosenberg
Random House, 236 pp. $6.95

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK ALONE should be enough to indicate that *The Death of Privacy* is intended as a horror story—rendered all the grislier because it deals in fact. The impression is heightened by such chapter heads as "The All-Seeing Eye" and "Along the Road to Psychological Submission." And if that were not enough, there is in the appendix a Bob & Ray satire called "The Day the Computers Got Waldon Ashenfelter."

It comes complete with a monster more sinister than any in the annals of science fiction demonology: a proposed federal project going under the innocent-sounding name of the National Data Bank. Not the kind of mechanical monster that would merely take over the planet and rule with literally an iron hand, this one would rob us of the most vital aspect of our individuality—our privacy. It would convert the nation and eventually the world into a gigantic fishbowl for the benefit and amusement of a few privileged viewers.

The reality of the threat is extremely well documented, as Jerry M. Rosenberg draws upon an impressive array of expert testimony from even the most ardent fans of computer technology. From the field of government he quotes the expressed fears of such divergent sources as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and Senator Strom Thurmond.

It is not computers as such that threaten to "get" us all. They are the indispensable tools of modern science, industry, government, banking and education, all of which would likely have been buried under a mountain of paperwork by now without them. Computers are merely extensions of man's brain as the media are extensions of his voice and the automobile and jet plane extensions of his legs. The danger lies in what would, in effect, be the joining together of all the computers now in the employ of both the public and private sectors of our society into an all-knowing, all-telling data bank in Washington.

Already an unbelievable amount of personal information on us is stored on punch cards and tape reels in some twenty government agencies, including Social Security, the FBI, the Internal Revenue Service and the military. There are statistics on file elsewhere for nearly every move we make, from birth to the probate of our wills. We leave data tracks behind each time we sign for a trip or a night's stay at a motel on a credit card. Some 2,500 credit bureaus in America exchange information (and sometimes misinformation) on every purchase we make from a home to a trinket, and on every application for a loan or other credit, whether granted or turned down. Each check we write is grist for the computers at the banks. Our grades in school and college, brushes with the law, marriages and divorces, job records, income and savings figures—all these and many more details about us are on record.

What has, until now, preserved a measure of privacy for us has been the fact that such data are preserved in so many different places, making it difficult and expensive for anyone to pull it all together into a single dossier. It would be easy and relatively inexpensive, however, with the establishment of a federal data bank. Such a system, says the author, "will have an almost limitless capability to store, intermingle and, at the push of a button, retrieve information on persons, organizations and a variety of their activities, all without the knowledge of those involved."

The framers of the Constitution were men of great vision. But they could not have been expected to put into that document protections against modern invasion of privacy through government's proper function of record-keeping. The author suggests specific safeguards to individual privacy to be added to the Bill of Rights in terms understandable to computer-users.

"The point of concern," he warns, "is that without sufficient safeguards, to have the opportunity to refute stored personal information, to allow the individual to determine what is collected, to maintain a permanent check on how data are used, we may someday stop asking whether our privacy is being invaded—when that time arrives we will find that we have no privacy left to invade."

Dr. Rosenberg is obviously more optimistic than some of the experts he quotes, such as W. H. Ferry, vice president of the Fund for the Republic, who regards privacy as "today a goner, killed by technology."

If the people were nearly as aware as they ought to be about the threatened arrival of Big Brother ahead of schedule, they would doubtless buttonhole their Congressmen while there is yet time. A good way to begin would be for everyone to read *The Death of Privacy*.

Fred Darwin

Fred Darwin, a radio news commentator, is author of the forthcoming book "How People Stay Young."

THE SOUND OF MOUNTAIN WATER: The Changing American West

by Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 286 pp., $5.95

MUCH OF THIS BOOK has appeared earlier in print, some of it in the *Saturday Review*. What it says bears the repeating.

There are sixteen essays, written over the course of twenty years, and the perspective helps in the continuing process of attempting to define an area which constitutes, in Mr. Stegner's delineation, some two-fifths of the nation, and which has the shortest history, the least rainfall, the fewest people, the highest mountains, the hottest deserts and perhaps the least understanding of itself of any of the ecological regions into which our country can be divided.

Outside its boundaries, the American West is understood, if at all, only in terms of its quick-gun mythology, its natural grandeur, and its big, wide sky. Even the latter is diminishing. The modern traveler flies over the West in a couple of hours, and Mr. Stegner has further refined the old comic map that showed Indian country beginning just beyond the Oranges and continuing westward until Sioux feathers collided with Hollywood sunglasses. Today, he observes, some maps of the United States are shaped like a dumbbell—"New York at one end, California at the other, and the United Airlines in between."

The West has yet to come to comfortable terms with itself. For one thing, it has difficulty distinguishing between its predators and its builders. Until quite recently, its heroes were the exploiters, the clear-cutters of timber, minerals, land and grass who moved on leaving deep scars in the big country. As Stegner notes, scarred land heals slowly in an arid climate. With so much to conserve, the West has paid scant honor over the years to its conservators, and in its innocence and tough optimism, with so

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much of everything except water, the West is unequipped philosophically to adapt to its limitations. The purple hills, the tawny prairies and the ochre badlands stretch on and on, but they are not, alas, as infinite as they seem.

As the young and groping West moves uncertainly toward self-recognition and maturity, hopefully toward a graceful acceptance of both its limits and its vigor, it owes much to sensitive, articulate men like Stegner. They are defining a land and its people, and it is important to do so to the extent that one wishes to believe that America is not homogenized geography, which it obviously isn't, and also not a melting-pot in which the rich metals of peoples are reduced to a uniform dross. Among the handful of writers who to date have seriously troubled themselves about what the West means, Stegner stands out. His voice is sound, wise, and temperate as he writes with affection about the landscape, the life and the letters which are close to his being.

Readers, east and west, who would hope to know the West might well start, or continue, with *The Sound of Mountain Water*. There are available thicker, deeper, more fact-laden books, some of them written by Mr. Stegner, but this one makes an excellent survey, and it has the advantage of the interesting time-span. Glen Canyon before and after the Dam, for example. It is a combination of geography, history, personal observation and experience, and literary comment in which, as an appreciator, Stegner delightfully flouts the aging microanatomists of the New Criticism. In short, it is "... a book of confrontations (not in the contemporary sense!) with the West, a series of responses and trial syntheses."

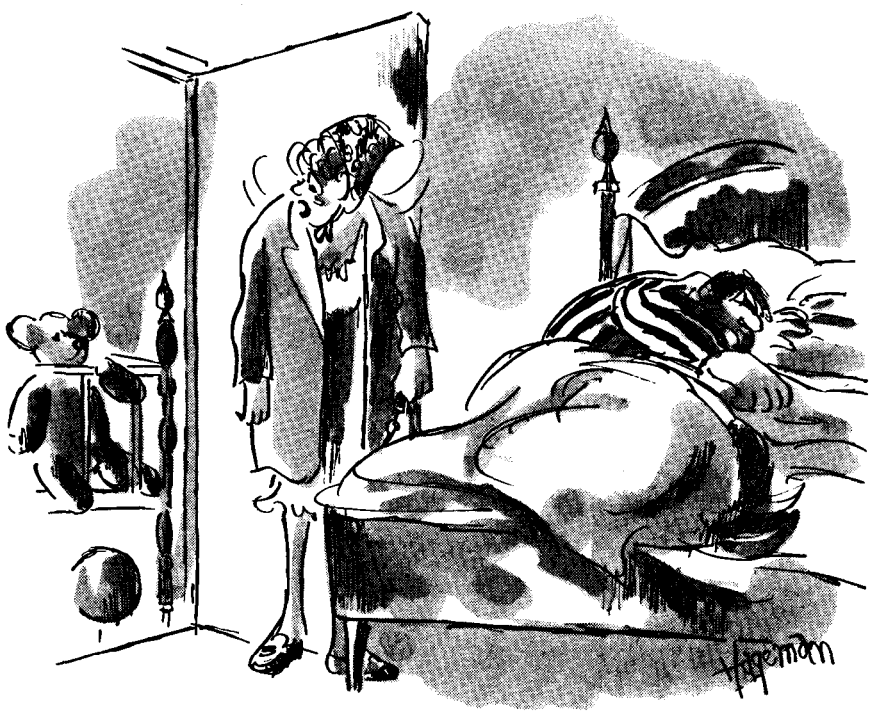
Stegner describes a postwar excursion into the Nevada desert, several subsequent experiences of the canyon and river country in southern Utah, and, wryly annoyed, a brief auto trip through the roadside reptile zoos of northern New Mexico. Roughly half the book concerns a boyhood in Salt Lake City, the hangups—they are many—of the serious writer in the West, the writing of history, the rationale of libraries and books, and three major Western authors—Bret Harte, Willa Cather and Bernard De Voto.

Although Stegner is at pains to emphasize that this collection is not systematized, it is less potpourri than it might sound; in fact, the continuity of life and letters as they arise out of time and place is the dominant theme and provides a strong unity. Stegner says it thus:

> One of the deprivations of people in western America is that Time in their country is still not molded by human living into the forms of sanctuary, continuity, and confidence that it is the ambition of all human cultures to create.
>
> These things can be heard, if one listens, in the burbling and trickling, the deep-throated roars and the plashings of mountain water.

Robert L. Perkin

A student of the American West, Robert L. Perkin is the author of "The First Hundred Years."



"Good heavens! Who did I put on the 7:47?"

THE AGONY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT

by Christopher Lasch

Knopf, 212 pp., $4.95

On the train from Dublin to Cork I chanced to sit opposite an Irish college professor who, upon learning that I was part Irish myself, printed his name and address in Gaelic and asked me to send him a postcard from abroad. I inquired why I must use Gaelic rather than English, and he explained that this was a personal campaign to freshen the bilingualism of postal employees, for whom a reading knowledge of Gaelic is a condition of employment. With a like degree of zeal on the part of thousands, the government might be persuaded to replace English with Gaelic in the schools, thereby preventing its imminent extinction. When I asked why the Irish people should learn a moribund language, and one they could use only to communicate with each other, I was told that this was just the point.

The moment was revelatory. I have since heard similar arguments from black intellectuals on the need of Harlem children to learn Swahili, and from Catholic intellectuals on the need to retain Latin in the Mass. In *The Agony of the American Left* the delusions are analogous though grander.

Professor Christopher Lasch seeks to assist another culturally deprived minority: the radicals. The problem confronting them, it seems, is lack of sophistication. They have fried-chicken appetites when they should desire pheasant. They demonstrate only for bread when Professor Lasch would have them insist on cake. In ringing phrases he concludes that radicalism will be barren "unless the struggle is carried into the realm of ideology and becomes a demand not merely for equality and justice but for a new culture, absorbing but transcending the old." Specifically, rather than "merely" equality and justice, Lasch would have the New Left work for democratic socialism.

The book contains essays originally published in the *New York Review of Books*, with two additional ones that appeared in other publications. As a result, one feels at times that he is reading a very long book review, and senses an occasional lack of unity in the five chapters.

The work is not without substance. An essay on "The Decline of Populism" continues the kind of historical dissection of the American intellectual tradition that characterized Lasch's excellent *The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963*. The other four chapters deal with the failure of socialism, the

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Congress for Cultural Freedom scandal, Black Power, and "The Revival of Political Controversy in the Sixties."

Lasch is one of the most articulate spokesmen of that faction of the radical movement which sees a humanistic Marxism or democratic socialism as the solution to America's problems. If black people, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans, migrants from Appalachia, and sharecroppers have not been successfully integrated into the economic and social system, the capitalist structure must be replaced. Because this point of view holds the allegiance of a considerable portion of the brighter and more responsible students and intellectuals in the New Left, Lasch's analysis is significant. His neo-socialist critique of radicalism and modern liberalism is of interest to a wider circle.

It is an irony of history that although Lasch presents a relatively conservative view of radicalism, we are not surprised. At the end of a decade in which Third World communist parties stand for Establishment and order, we more or less look to democratic socialists to dampen the revolutionary ardor of anarchists and bottle-hurling blacks. Mr. Lasch does not disappoint us.

Along with millions of American bourgeois he deplores student sloganeering in obscenity. His attack on the existentialist "obsession with authenticity" would do credit to a teleologically oriented Aristotelian. When he condemns "the more demented sections of the white Left" and the "mindless violence" or "nihilistic tendencies" of Black Power, all men of the Center applaud him.

At crucial points, however, he seems to be ultra-conservative and designedly self-serving. His approach to black militancy is paternalistic at best. On the one hand, he puts down moderate Negro reformers and asserts that "Northern whites lived for years in the illusion that steady progress toward justice was being made; black people never told them otherwise"—thus shoving aside the efforts of thousands of Negroes who labored over decades in a vineyard Lasch never entered. Here, as throughout the book, the author fails to assess correctly the weight of racial prejudice. On the other hand, in criticizing Harold Cruse's *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, Lasch writes of certain remaining questions:

> One concerns the slippery concept of "nationalism," which may not be the best idea around which to organize a movement of Negro liberation. Cruse does not seem to me to confront the possibility that black nationalism, which he realizes has always been flawed by its "romantic and escapist" tendencies, may be *inherently* romantic and escapist—now looking wistfully back to Africa, now indulging in fantasies of global revolution.

Thus, Lasch is unhappy with the present trend toward abandoning the cities to black nationalists under the slogan of "self-determination for the ghetto." On their "reservations" blacks would be "encouraged to cultivate their native handicrafts, songs, dances, and festivals," and tourists would go to see how they live and perhaps leave some loose change behind.

Having rejected in turn violent revolution, moderate reform, and nationalism as the proper direction for the black movement, Lasch presents his own version of the "final solution." In this view, the failure to integrate American Negroes into the American dream is ascribable to the succession of immigrant groups exhausting the last remaining opportunities in those marginal areas of American capitalism not yet dominated by corporations. "The drying-up of entrepreneurial capitalism and the emergence of a corporate élite perpetuating itself through the accumulation of educational advantages meant in post-industrial society the remaining poor . . . would find themselves locked into poverty, left behind in decaying cities from which earlier proletarians, together with the industries that employed them, had fled."

Lasch suggests therefore that what is needed is "political analysis." This will indicate that Black Power advocates, even if they would "replace white businesses with black *cooperatives*," do not confront capitalism in any vital way. Black radicals "must now address themselves to a more systematic analysis of American society than they have attempted before, building on the social theory of the nineteenth century but scrapping those parts that no longer apply." There is much to scrap. Lasch seems to sympathize with Cruse's thesis that "American Marxism has disastrously misled Negro intellectuals over a period of fifty years."

One aspect of the Left's agony is illustrated by Lasch's inability to formulate a program for black liberation. "In the meantime, will events wait for analysis?" he asks. "Immediate crises confront us, and there is no time, it seems, for long-range solutions, no time for reflection."

He is more confident of the direction in which the rest of the radical movement should go. His characterization of contemporary radicalism is accurate and typically middle class: "sectarianism, marginality, and alienation from American life." This has been the condition of radicalism since its reduction in the early part of the century from a mass-based populism and socialism. In his historical analysis, Lasch agrees with James Weinstein's *The Decline of Socialism* in placing the blame for this shrinkage on the Bolshevik Revolution and the rise in America of a Communist Party. As in the recent polemic by the Cohn-Bendits, *Obsolete Communism*, and the earlier essays of Neil McInnes on European labor movements, it has become in the Sixties as fashionable to blame the Communist Party for the Left's lack of success as it was in the Fifties to blame Joe McCarthy.

Warning radicals that a continuation of anomic outbursts will call forth a "fascist" reprise from the citizenry, Lasch criticizes Mary McCarthy and other leftists who hope to provoke repression. In a brilliant footnote, he writes:

> Only in a country where political freedom was taken for granted could people talk so glibly about the tactical advantages of repression. Because political freedom is an essential condition of democratic socialism, it has always been one of the primary objectives of revolutionaries. Socialists have been forced to resort to violence precisely in the degree to which certain regimes proscribe democratic political organization. In a country where political freedom still exists—but where even now it is coming under increasing attack—undervaluation of civil liberties is a dangerous mistake. That these ideas should be

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GOING TO TOWN

All these buildings in an imaginary town have been taken from the titles of literary works. Alice H. Kaufman of Scarsdale, N.Y., challenges you to complete the titles and match them with their authors. For the directory, see page 33.

1. *Abbey* ( )	a. Jane Austen
2. *Castle* ( )	b. Vicki Baum
3. *Hotel* ( )	c. Charles Dickens
4. *House* ( )	d. George Eliot
5. *Inn* ( )	e. Edna Ferber
6. *Lighthouse* ( )	f. W. H. Hudson
7. *Mansions* ( )	g. Shirley Jackson
8. *Mill* ( )	h. H. W. Longfellow
9. *Palace* ( )	i. W. B. Sheridan
10. *School* ( )	j. Anthony Trollope
11. *Shop* ( )	k. Edith Wharton
12. *Towers* ( )	l. Virginia Woolf

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advocated at all shows once again the characteristic failure of the Left to arrive at a proper assessment of the American situation.

Drawing a distinction between riots and the preferable alternative of revolution, Lasch maintains that while students must abandon nihilism and senseless violence, intellectuals must free themselves from their commitments to knowledge for the sake of knowledge or a "value-free" social science that "empties itself of political content." Rather, intellectuals should recall that their high duty is "to clarify issues" through theoretical analysis. Radicals must band together in a new political organization that possesses a theoretical understanding of post-industrial society: "Radicalism—socialism—is the only long-term hope."

Although most readers will sympathize with much in *The Agony of the Left*, many may demur in at least four critical areas. First, Lasch's decrying the intellectual's pursuit of knowledge or art for its own sake comes perilously close to socialist realism. He ritually intones phrases like "historical materialism" or "political analysis" as though by themselves they magically provided programmatic content.

Second, the assumption that the advent of socialism will bring about a resolution of America's race problem seems gratuitous. Lasch brings to bear neither the history of domestic socialist parties nor the contemporary experience of foreign socialist states as evidence that nationality or racial conflict can be less intense than under a capitalist economic order.

Professor Lasch's attack on the Congress for Cultural Freedom, the black and white Liberal Establishment, and the Cold War represents something of a scholarly overkill. As in the case of the fundamentalist one hears on the radio preaching that the country is going to hell, it is the hysterical tone rather than the content of the sermon that causes one to move on to another station.

Finally, while one shares with Mr. Lasch a critical attitude toward the major political parties, his New Party "for radicals only" looms as an even worse alternative. At its recent mock inaugural in Washington, the New Party presidential candidate, Dick Gregory, designated Jim Garrison as "the greatest man in America." This is doubtless the first plank of a platform that will probably be as difficult to sell to the masses as Gaelic or Swahili.

William Parente

William Parente is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Antioch College.

Fiction

CHOSEN PEOPLE

by Bernice Rubens

Atheneum, 275 pp., $5.95

NORMAN ZWECK IS FORTY, single, living at home, and quite demented. He was once a brilliantly promising lawyer, but now is addicted to little white pills and sees millions of insects—silverfish that crawl out at night to swarm over his rug, his bed and finally his body. Coldly convinced that the insects are real, Norman must assume that those who claim not to see them are tormenting his deliberately. His unmarried sister Bella hates Norman for what he is doing to her and their pathetic, devoted father. Rabbi Zweck, on the other hand, constantly searches himself for guilt.

In this family everyone is partly responsible for the other's tragedies; yet all can be traced back to that seminal accident of having been "chosen." The Rabbi himself, innocent, loving, trying to take all the blame on himself so that he can absolve his children, commits error after error in his attempts to reconcile the teachings of his God with the reality of his life. His dead wife seems to have been that typical dispenser of guilt and shame, the Jewish Mother. It was she who kept Norman and Bella young fatally long, and she who insisted on regarding another daughter, Esther, as dead when she married out of the faith. But it is Norman who causes the worst suffering to the others. Where does the circle stop?

The perplexity of assigning cause and effect in this round-robin of self and mutual destruction leads to a revelation about the novel. *Chosen People* is too simplistic to be believed on the level of a story. The mother is a cliché, Bella's problem is ridiculous in its stated manifestation, the psychology throughout is really more B movie than Freud. A parable, then—not so much a story of people as a cry of anguish for the human (Jewish) condition. We are all responsible for each other's pain, it says. And yet we cannot help it.

Eileen Lottman

Eileen Lottman, who was formerly in publishing, is now a free-lance critic.

THE FUNCO FILE

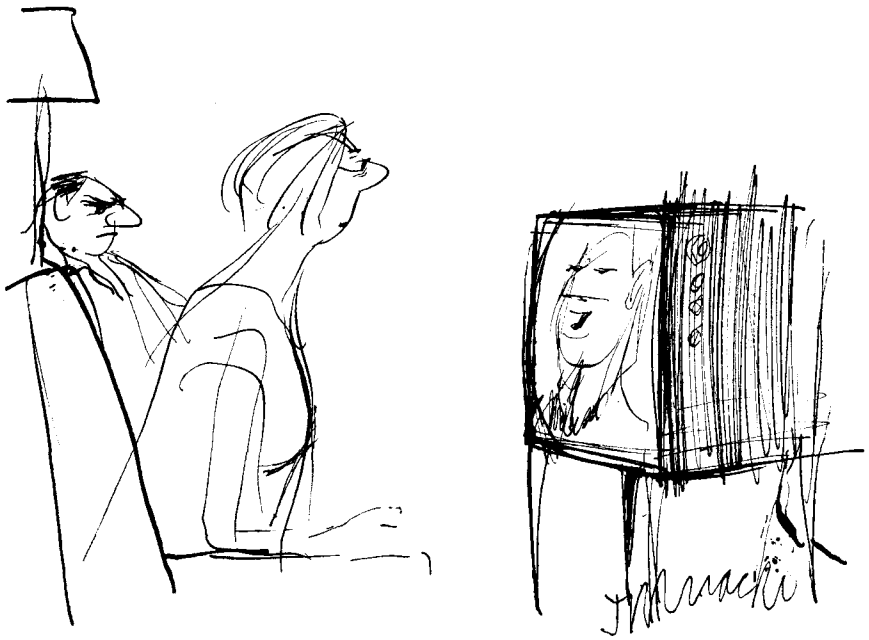
by Burt Cole

Doubleday, 282 pp., $4.95

THOUGH THE AUTHOR MENTIONS no specific year, the impression is that Burt Cole's novel concerns a United States nearer in the future than George Orwell's *1984*. It is the future of the Machine. The Machine is no ordinary computer but one that has mushroomed to gigantic proportions as the memory banks of all the world's computers have fed into it. As one of the technicians attending the Machine in its underground home puts it: "... you must envision not a machine, but a vast subterranean sea! A sea of memory!"

If the Machine rules, its watchdogs are the men of the F.D.I., the Federal Deviation Investigation. For in the

(*Continued on page* 63)



"To learn the name of the killer of lovely Jean Edwards mail six Colapop labels to . . ."

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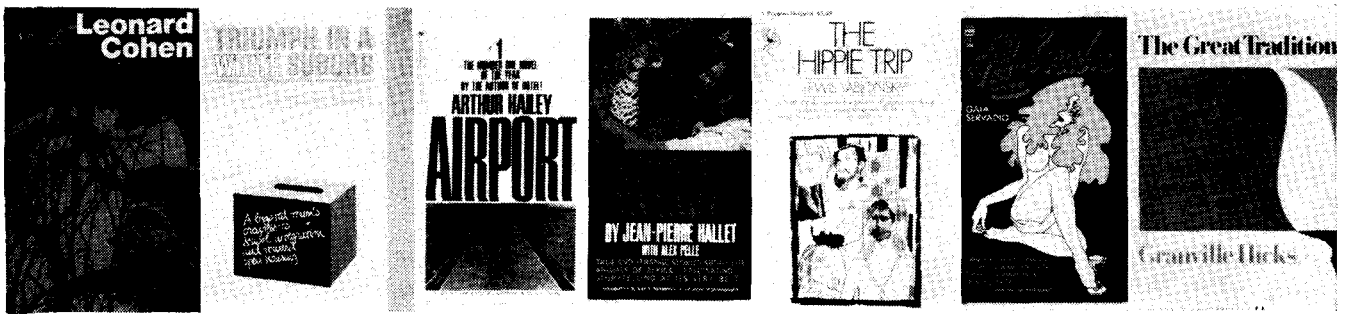

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

An important literary document as well as a significant force in the appreciation of American writers is Granville Hicks's *The Great Tradition* (Quadrangle, $2.95). Its appearance in 1933 was an attempt to apply Marxist ideology to the appraisal of American literature. Characteristically, because of Hicks's concern with social consciousness the book exaggerated the merit of some writers, such as John Dos Passos, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, and underestimated others, such as Henry James and Mark Twain. However, Hicks's dialectical approach managed to nail several writers including Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis. But even in 1933 Hicks's innate taste appreciated the goodness of Willa Cather and the greatness of Emily Dickinson. He was as well one of the first critics to recognize the genius of Faulkner.

Granville Hicks, who recently completed ten years as *SR*'s weekly literary columnist, greeted the reappearance of his book in paperback with a mixture of pride and prejudice. "You must remember," he said, "that not much attention was paid to American writers then. This was before the work of Perry Miller and F. O. Matthiessen, both of whom were at Harvard in the Thirties." Hicks was graduated from Harvard in 1923. "When I was an undergraduate there was only one course in American literature—and I didn't bother to take it."

It seems strange today that New Hampshire-born Granville Hicks, whose family had been American-born for generations and whose father was a New England businessman, should have adopted Marxist views. "It was in the air then," said Hicks. "In the Twenties I was sort of a vague Socialist. When the Depression came, it hit hard. I was ripe for it. I felt that society as we knew it was being destroyed and we were on our way to a new structure. After I got out of the Communist Party I developed a looser, more flexible literary attitude. The Marxist standard at best could only offer a historical method of explaining literature but it could present no real way by which to judge it." Some of the greatest writers couldn't fit into the Marxist mold of man-in-society. "I was angry at Henry James," Hicks said, "for not seeing that society had to be changed. Now of course I know how ridiculous it was to want James to be a social agitator."

He recalled that after the war there was a trend to a more interior novel such as the works of J. D. Salinger. "Now it seems the trend is shifting again. Look at the way young people respond to writers like Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, Norman Mailer, each of whom is, in his own way, concerned about society. But what I know now," Hicks said, "is that there is no one great tradition in the novel. There's room for lots of traditions." **Rollene W. Saal**

The Natural World

One of Edwin Way Teale's most ambitious and unusual projects is his series of four books on the seasons in North America: *North with the Spring, Journey Into Summer, Autumn Across America* and *Wandering Through Winter* (Apollo, $2.25 each). For each book he traveled thousands of miles, noting whatever is seasonally curious or distinctive in a particular place. What interests Teale most are the uncommon aspects of nature's changes, such as the annual summer arrival at Lake Erie of the Mayflies, strange winged insects which blanket the shore and cloak every tree and telephone post with "fur." Or the autumnal hibernation of creatures from lizard to grizzly bear—that "deathlike torpor" which still puzzles scientists. Or the personal delight on a December night of sleeping out on the Colorado desert, where in his sleeping bag Teale rejoices "snug as a snail in its shell." His "Seasons" is not only a portrait of America's flora and fauna in year-round dress but a journal of a gifted and poetic naturalist.

Jean-Pierre Hallet has also spent most of his life away from urban civilization. His territory is Equatorial Africa, which he writes about with Alex Pelle in *Animal Kitabu* (Crest, 95¢). A member of Kenya's Masai tribe, blood brother of the Congo's Baleaga people, companion of Pygmies in the Ituri Forest, Belgian-born Hallet has been wounded by poison arrows, lost a hand in Burundi and was ravaged by blackwater fever, all of which qualifies him to be an authority on the jungle and its denizens. Hallet is a great defender of animal life and a debunker of myths; he insists that the king of the jungle is really the leopard, that the rhinoceros charge is all bluff, and that the maligned hyena actually makes a playful pet.

Anyone intrigued by mountains or the men who scale them will find Lowell Thomas's *Book of the High Mountains* (Simon & Schuster, $3.45) an Everest of information. Everything about climbing, from the ventures of Hannibal to Hillary, interests Thomas in this big, well-illustrated volume.

USA

"Violence," says Rap Brown, "is as American as cherry pie," a statement largely supported by *The History of Violence in America* (Bantam, $1.25). In June 1968 the Eisenhower Commission set up research teams to pore over the nation's past in an effort to determine the nature and impact on it of violence. This report to the Commission by Hugh Davis Graham and Ted Robert Gurr provides some answers as to why assassination has figured prominently in our political life, and offers as well reflections on the effects of war, especially that in Vietnam, upon the minds of the people.

Another important national committee trying to get to the source of major problems is the U.S. Civil Rights Commission headed by the Reverend Theo-

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dore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, who has written the introductory essay to *Prejudice U.S.A.* (Praeger, $2.25), edited by Charles Y. Glock and Ellen Siegelman. Each of the contributors—among them, Saunders Redding, Dore Schary, and Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana—focuses upon an area of discrimination, such as industry, schools, churches, and examines ways by which these institutions can erase bias. One of the more hopeful books about discrimination is Reginald G. Damerell's *Triumph in a White Suburb* (Apollo, $2.50), a documentary history of Teaneck, New Jersey, voted in 1949 the Model American Town. Five years later the first Negro family moved in and shortly afterwards Jews began to buy property. The WASPS at first panicked. But eventually Teaneck's citizens dealt quietly and reasonably with their new problems and emerged as a stronger community.

Hippyville, whether it is in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury or New York's lower East Side, confounds and irritates most upright—and uptight—Americans. In *The Hippie Trip* (Pegasus, $2.45) California sociologist Lewis Yablonsky reports his exploration of city pads and desert communes, during which he met hundreds of hippies who talked to him—and to his tape recorder—about drugs and sex and why they left their middle-class homes and what they hoped to find in a life outside ordinary society. Yablonsky plunged into the hippie experience (he and his wife even took an LSD trip). He writes: "The non-demanding life style of the psychedelic world and the fantasy quality of the drugs have a magnetic attraction for young people disillusioned with the admitted hypocrisies and plastic characteristics of American society. My observation, however, is that for many 'flower children,' the hope they had for a happy hippie life soon becomes corroded by the chaotic realities of the scene."

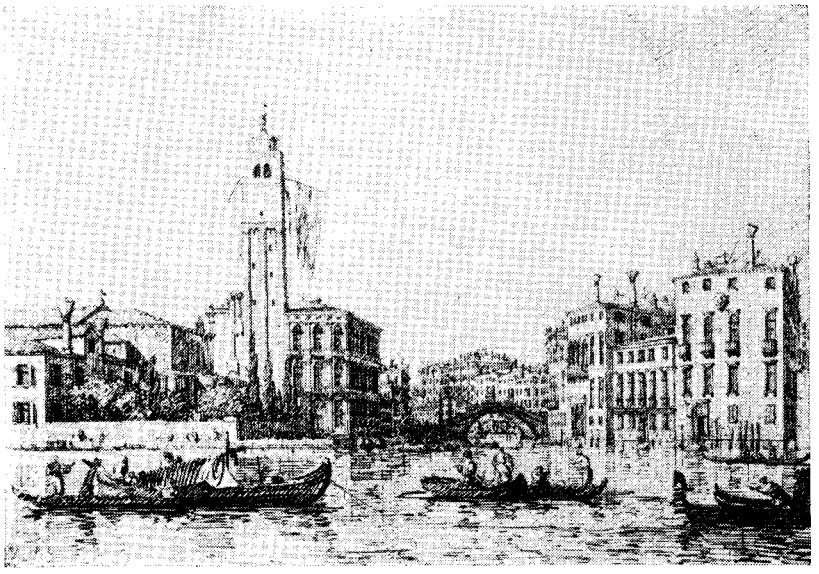
An even harsher reality is confronted in Gertrude Samuels's *The People vs. Baby* (Avon, 95¢), a documentary novel based upon the author's reportage for *The New York Times* on drugs, prostitution and crime. No hippie philosophy, flowers or love beads brighten the stark world of her twenty-one-year-old junkie heroine, a product of New York's Spanish Harlem.

Fiction

In case anyone believes in seasonal reading, R. F. Delderfield seems meant for sunny days. That leisurely, two-volume saga of English country life, *A Horseman Riding By*, includes *Long Summer Day* and *Post of Honor* (Ballantine, $1.25 each), which together glide through forty years in the life of West Country gentry. During that time jolly King Edward enjoyed a halcyon reign, the surrey gave way to the automobile, and new generations of young Britons met their deaths in new and bigger wars.

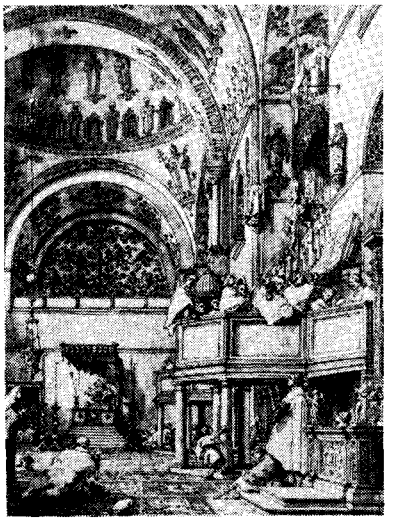
"Let me tell you about the rich," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald. That they are indeed very different from the rest of us is painstakingly evident in John Fairchild's *The Moonflower Couple* (Avon, 95¢), a novel about two beautiful young people, first-class members of New York's moneyed and aristocratic society who meet and marry in the special world of exclusive clubs, apartments viewing the East River, new diamonds and old French furniture. As any botanist knows, the moonflower blooms most fragrantly on a warm summer night and dies before morning, which sadly is more or less what happens here. Another view of the rich is offered by John P. Marquand in *Wickford Point* (Avon, 95¢), the name of a locale north of Boston where Brahmin society holds sway on a tight little island about as flexible as Plymouth Rock.

Books encased in hardcover have a kind of extra-literary authority that, like the cold light of the morning after, is often dispelled in paperback. One, Gaia Servadio's first novel, *Melinda* (Ace, 95¢), translated from the Italian by L. K. Conrad, received a great deal of attention when it first came out. Dedicated to dress designer Emilio Pucci, it tells the story of a young woman with the morals of a salamander who seduces first her father, then her brother before going on to a series of casual marriages that eventually bring her to the political zenith. But even at 95¢, *caveat emptor* (*i.e.*, this cave is empty).



Sketchbook in Venice: (top) "The Grand Canal and the Cannaregio" and (below) "Interior of St. Mark's."

The artist suffers in *Drawings by Canaletto* (Dover, $1.75) from the absence of color, so important in his paintings. The book is one of a series called "The Great Masters of Drawing," which includes so far, as well, drawings by Michelangelo and Tintoretto. On the other hand, that remarkable geometric realism which concentrated with such a scrupulous and patient eye for detail on the works of man rather than on man himself is nakedly evident in these seventy-two black-and-white sketches, drawings and engravings, which—spanning the whole long life that began in 1697 and ended in 1768—will be forever associated with Canaletto's Venice.



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International Relations

TIME OUT OF HAND: Revolution and Reaction in Southeast Asia

by Robert Shaplen

Harper & Row, 466 pp., $8.95

SINCE THE END OF WORLD WAR II there has been a hardy band of a dozen or so correspondents in Asia whose work is marked by solid, authoritative reporting and constructive criticism, interspersed with splashes of color and flashes of insight. Robert Shaplen is a conspicuous member of this group and his latest book, *Time Out of Hand*, is a sparkling example of serious reporting on an area that has become the source of deepening anxiety and anguish for most thoughtful Americans.

After an introductory summary of Southeast Asia, Shaplen dissects the region country by country. Indonesia is "the sleeping beauty"; Cambodia, "the eye of the storm"; Vietnam, where we are "reaping the whirlwind." Shaplen ends his peregrination with a penetrating review of American pluses and minuses—mostly the latter, and notably in Vietnam. The author, who has little sympathy for the noisy, destructive critics, discards the simplistic slogan of "no more Vietnams." He does not see how we, as the principal economic and military power of the non-authoritarian world, can "escape" the responsibility that goes with this power. Shaplen, hesitatingly in view of our failure in Vietnam, describes himself as a "disillusioned 'flexibilist' " who believes we suffered from an abysmal hardening of the political arteries in Vietnam, and lost, or surrendered, our flexibility and leverage unnecessarily. Which is to say that, among other things, we should have been much firmer than we were in dealing sooner with such matters as the reorganization and improvement of the South Vietnamese armed forces, and in insisting on political and administrative reforms, especially after the coup again Diem. And if these things failed, we should not have put a large ground force of our own into the country. Once it was there, "the manner of our withdrawal necessarily became *vital*." He suggests that we abandon generalizations about Asia and he appeals, Vietnam notwithstanding, for more, not less, flexibility.

Shaplen's great concern is that the United States may "learn very little" from Vietnam and that we may slide into a neo-isolationist phase, which "will do further injury to ourselves and probably to others." But, unwittingly, he makes a strong case for neo-isolationism. Shaplen does so by citing

Robert Shaplen — "a sparkling example of serious reporting."

examples of America's inability to cope with Asian affairs—the tendency to rely increasingly on computers, charts and other gimmicks; our belief that bigger necessarily means better (the grossly overstaffed U.S. embassies in Asia are a case in point); the profusion and overlapping of government departments, agencies and committees, and our fundamental fault in having "no clear and positive objective."

In his portrait of contemporary Thailand, for example, Shaplen reminds us of the Kennedy Administration's commitment to that country in 1962, the orchestrated Communist strategy of nibbling at Thailand's northern and southern provinces, and the various conflicting American suggestions to the Thais on how to conduct "counterinsurgency." To tell the Thais, who have been independent longer than we, how to retain their independence is, I think, rather presumptuous of us, particularly in the light of our failure in Vietnam. As Shaplen put it, "we could have achieved more [in Vietnam] by doing less after 1954." Perhaps the same can be said for Thailand today.

This view is reinforced by the Cambodian segment of his book, where Shaplen quotes Prince Sihanouk as complaining that the United States has done more than "the best agents of Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh" to advance the Communist enterprise in Vietnam. Admittedly, Sihanouk is given to hyperbole. Yet there is a wisp of wisdom in his observation that "the United States attracts Communism as sugar attracts ants."

It is against this background, accurately and skillfully supplied by Shaplen, that I take sharp issue with his position on an American posture in Indonesia. Shaplen correctly observes that two alternatives confront Indonesia: the "real danger of Army dictatorship," which would enhance the chances of a Communist resurgence, and the more hopeful possibility of an enlightened system "accompanied by a gradual approach to normal parliamentary forms subject to some restraints." He believes that the importance of foreign aid in encouraging "modernist elements in Indonesian society could not, in this connection, be overestimated . . . particularly American aid." On the contrary, the Indonesians demonstrated in 1948 and again in 1965 that they know how to handle the Communists without foreign advice, embassies, aid and information services—so long as the world balance of power favors non-Communists. Indeed, in a superb analysis that occupies a third of his book, Shaplen traces developments in Indonesia, with emphasis on the collapse of the mephetic Sukarno régime following the failure of a Sukarno-Communist putsch to "put aside" the non-Communist Indonesian general staff in 1965, the year of massive American intervention in Vietnam.

My point is that the road Indonesia decides to travel is Indonesia's. If American aid is going to embroil the United States in that country's legacy of post-Sukarno tensions—the Army's role, a renascent Islam and the question of regionalism—then the aid is simply not worth it. What we continue to need in Indonesia is, as the Japanese put it, a low posture. Present effective American policy is to help Indonesia, but to contribute only one-third of her aid requirements while others, particularly Japan, supply the remainder. Although there is increasing pressure and temptation to liberalize the policy, one hopes that its current structure will be maintained.

Clearly, Shaplen's book should not be read by segments, as the format may encourage some to do. *Time Out of Hand* should be read in its entirety. Then the message comes through: politics is not a science, but an art. If we learn that much, "we will have learned something about responsibility and response."

Arnold C. Brackman

Arnold C. Brackman is the author of "Indonesian Communism: A History" and other works on Asia. His latest book, "The Communist Collapse in Indonesia," will be published by Norton this fall.

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THE CHASM AHEAD

by Aurelio Peccei

Macmillan, 297 pp., $7.50

AURELIO PECCEI IS AN ITALIAN businessman, vice chairman of the board of Olivetti, member of the Management Committee of Fiat, and managing director of the Italian think-tank Italconsult. His assessment of the crises facing modern man is therefore doubly interesting. First, Peccei gives us the perspective of an intelligent and forward-looking European; second, he speaks as a businessman rather than as an academician, journalist, or politician.

In warning of "the chasm ahead" Peccei seeks to direct our attention to the multitude of threats that face Western society and, indeed, all mankind. His persistent theme is the danger of uncontrolled technological change, confronting us with increasingly complex and highly interrelated challenges of hitherto unprecedented scale. At the same time, as he points out, "the schemes that guide our actions are *passé*." Hence the danger that unchanged responses to a rapidly evolving world will lead to catastrophe—if not the extinction of the species.

Beginning with the danger that the technological gap between the United States and Europe will irrevocably split the "Atlantic platform," he moves on to the need for unity among the developed nations of the world (hence for long-term economic cooperation between the Western nations and Russia). He then turns to the "macroproblems" of coming years: the race between food supplies and population, the global needs for economic development, control over man's biophysical environment, improvement of the quality of urban life, universal education, and—above all—the need to plan coherently, on a world-wide scale, if these challenges are to be met in an integrated way.

Peccei's practical suggestion is that we begin at once with what he calls "Project 1969," a comprehensive, massive effort to determine the feasibility and outlines of global planning to meet global problems. He hopes that such a multi-million-dollar endeavor would be supported by the industrialized nations of the world, which he describes as the "Great Four": America (Canada and the United States), Europe (hopefully a unified continent expanded around the core of the Common Market), Russia (and Eastern Europe), and Japan. Ultimately, his goal is the emergence of a world society capable of mastering instead of being mastered by technology.

There can be no question that Peccei has identified a host of critical threats to the future of human life as we know it. Whether his substantive proposals are as successful is another question. In his own words, Peccei views the problems of modern man with the "eyes of a manager." As a result, he seeks a kind of planning without politics—a solution of technical issues through scientific expertise, objective data, and systematic planning. It is hard to believe, however, that such non-political expertise would in time "carry political weight," as he hopes.

An example should make this problem clear. Peccei estimates that an additional 10 per cent of the world's Gross National Product will be needed to feed and house the expanding human population of the next decades, along with more money to depollute the environment, educate the young, finance economic development, etc. He expects that the funds for such massive efforts will come from the industrialized nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

But would Americans—not to mention Russians—willingly consent to a better than 10 per cent reduction in their present standard of living in order to meet needs existing largely in the Southern Hemisphere? Could such a massive reallocation of wealth be achieved without a powerful and perhaps tyrannical world government?

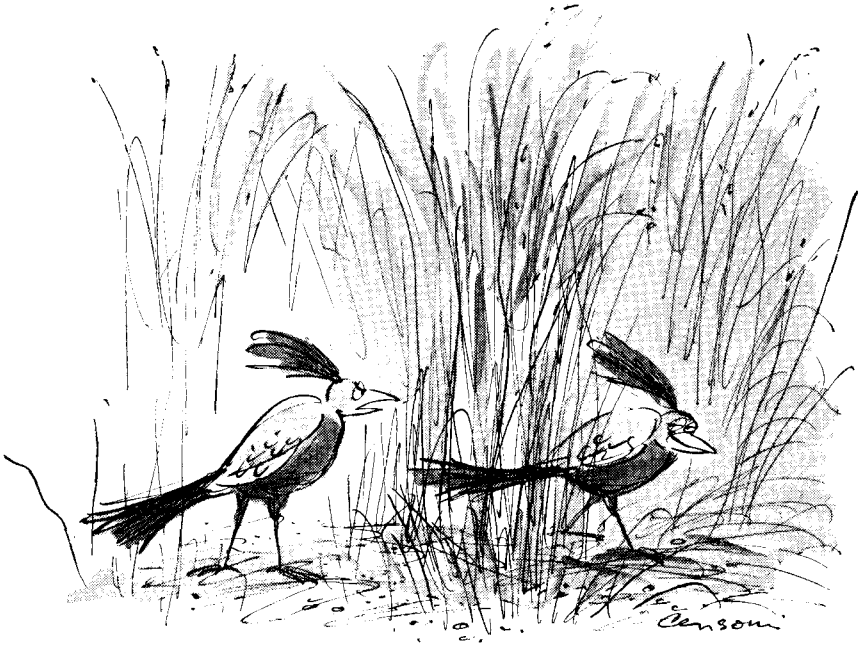
Peccei never raises these practical issues of implementation. Rather, he concludes from the example of international business firms that existing institutions can be transformed by a scientific spirit of cooperation and planning. He is not blind to the failures of such efforts in the past, nor does he deny that his proposals may be utopian. But he insists that "an altogether new vision of the world" is needed if mankind is to avoid disaster.

What is especially interesting in this regard is Peccei's image of the difference between American and European attitudes—a difference that apparently led him to write a book in English for the American audience. Whereas many Americans are besieged with self-doubts arising from the war in Vietnam, blacks in quest of power, cities in decay, and students in revolt, Peccei sees the typical optimism and "forward stance" of our culture as the basis of technological superiority. He contrasts this American willingness to seek new solutions with the more traditional and bureaucratic attitudes of European businessmen (and politicians). Indeed, amidst the spate of self-criticism among American intellectuals, Peccei's praise for our dynamism and effectiveness is almost refreshing.

The ultimate question, of course, is whether our nation's traditional self-confidence can be translated into effective responses to the pressing needs of the coming decades. Peccei soberly admits that "a cry of alarm probably will not directly budge our political establishment, but public opinion may be the transmission pulley." While Peccei's solutions seem inadequate if not naïve, let us hope that the "transmission pulley" can at least convey the sense of urgency needed if man is not to be obliterated by his own technology.

Roger D. Masters

Roger D. Masters, who teaches government at Dartmouth College, is the author of "The Nation Is Burdened: American Foreign Policy in a Changing World."



"Let's not be coy! We have a very short mating season."

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Belles-Lettres

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY: Its Art and Its Christian Premises

by Roy W. Battenhouse

Indiana University Press, 466 pp., $15

PROFESSOR ROY W. BATTENHOUSE of Indiana University was enabled to begin his work on this voluminous study by a Guggenheim fellowship for 1958-59 (he was also the recipient of a Ford Foundation fellowship), and has apparently devoted more than ten years to intense (rather than wide) research. The result is fascinating—fascinating and often astonishing, for Battenhouse must be numbered among those few writers on Shakespeare who, however wrong-headed, are absorbing because of the refinement of their argument.

One wishes almost desperately that one could grant Professor Battenhouse's premises. He claims that St. Augustine's "writings, together with the Bible's, were probably Shakespeare's chief guides, both in understanding the nature of evil and in imaging its historical logic for the catharsis and enlightenment of a latter-day Christianity." If one could accept that, one would have to accept everything Battenhouse has to say. Unfortunately, one would also have to kill every esthetic and human reaction to Shakespeare's tragedies. Battenhouse's argument might easily convince one, if a few minutes' reflection on the effect produced by the plays themselves did not in one gust demolish it. When set against the tragedies Shakespeare wrote, Professor Battenhouse's thought, though ingenious, is chillingly medieval.

He begins with a painstaking examination of *Lucrece*, a poem few Shakespeare-lovers have much cared for. Obviously the work of a beginner, it runs over with ineptitudes and painful artificialities; only a clairvoyant could have predicted from it either the great tragedies or the sonnets. Less than a decade ago H. R. Walley attempted to prove that the work has been neglected unjustly, if only because it laid the foundation for Shakespeare's later conception of tragedy. Battenhouse agrees, and goes further: examining the poem with a magnifying glass, he sees it as evidence of St. Augustine's influence on Shakespeare.

In *The Confessions* Augustine describes an early act of covetousness, when he stole some pears for the mere pleasure of stealing. This is precisely the attitude of Tarquin, says Professor Battenhouse, in his desire to possess Lucrece. Augustine threw away the pears; Tarquin abandons Lucrece after he has raped her.

In *The City of God* Augustine cites the suicide of Lucrece as an example of the surrender of fleshly good to the pursuit of personal honor—another type of covetousness. According to Professor Battenhouse, it was Shakespeare's intention to show his heroine's suicide as a sin. In trying to prove this he wanders far afield. "Surely," he says, "if Lucrece really wished rescue [from Tarquin], she has plenty of time to cry out for it . . . And surely there are servants in the house to answer calls for help . . . One of them comes 'fleet-winged' at Lucrece's call the next morning." In short, her pleas and tears "have an underside of intimated invitation to sexual play." Thus Battenhouse manages to convert what I think of as juvenile clumsiness into subtle and sophisticated moralistic purposes. He apparently believes that Shakespeare intended Lucrece to be as great a sinner as Tarquin. "If rape shames by its wastefulness, revenge wastes by its shamefulness."

In his chapter "In Search of an Adequate Perspective" the author dismisses Coleridge and Bradley as romantics who ignored the plots and did not use the facts in their interpretations of the plays. He is more appreciative of recent "historical" critics. The reason is not far to seek: they have tended to see Shakespeare's era chiefly as an extension of the Middle Ages. Indeed, to such critics the Renaissance spirit apparently never penetrated to the Elizabethan and Stuart dramatists. When they do acknowledge the presence of that spirit, they try to smother it with an overlay of medieval tradition. (This is equivalent to seeing the intellectual climate of the space age as merely an extension of the Victorian.)

Having laid the Augustinian foundations for Shakespeare's moral purposes, Professor Battenhouse comes up with some amazing analogies. He finds a "dark-shadowing of Christian pattern" in *Julius Caesar*; Caesar (whom he takes to be the hero of that play) has a triumphal entry, presumably like Christ's into Jerusalem; is slain at "the ninth hour," and returns as a ghost "to inspire a martyr-like death by his godson Brutus." The bathing of the murderers' hands in Caesar's blood is "a parody of Redemption," and Antony's display of Caesar's wounds is "a counterfeit parallel to the resurrected Christ's offering his wounds" to Thomas.

Othello, on the other hand, is a kind of Judas, for like Iscariot he threw away a pearl richer than all his tribe, and before killing his wife betrays her with a kiss. Othello is to be charged with "backsliding into the noble 'barbarian' he was before his baptism."

As for Hamlet, when we hear him "offering an apostrophe to man and idolizing his father, while in the name of this ideal he shows cruelty to both Ophelia and Gertrude, can we deny a factor of homosexuality" in the prince's make-up? Although I had always understood that Claudius's reaction to the "Mousetrap" play definitely confirmed Hamlet's belief that the Ghost was really his father's, Battenhouse is concerned that while Hamlet asks whether this apparition is from heaven or hell, "his method for testing invokes no Christian canons whatever by which to discriminate between a

hellish and a heavenly motive in the Ghost." This Ghost is no Christian spirit, our author says, since he comes to incite his son to murder; if he were Christian he would not counsel leaving Gertrude to Heaven, "but rather: 'Have mercy, and pray for her soul and mine.' " Hamlet himself is a grave sinner: he pervertedly imitates Christ; he apes charity by welcoming rashness; he perverts "Christ's role as a suffering servant"; his "flight from reality pervertedly imitates Christian pilgrimage"; his being visited by a ghost is analogous to Pentecost; his "stealthy strategy for setting the world right" is a perverse reversal of the Christian method of atonement.

What has all this to do with Shakespeare? One does not deny the important element of ethics in great tragedy; it is the *sine qua non* of the tragic catastrophe. But ethics must not be confused with moralizing. If Shakespeare knew his Augustine as well as Professor Battenhouse does (he is editor of and contributor to *A Companion to the Study of St. Augustine*), or half as well as our author thinks he did, he might have refused to write plays at all; for Augustine branded the theater as a kind of plague and hated it as much as did the Puritans later.

However gratifying to Roman Catholic dogma, these interpretations wither the nobility of Shakespeare's works. It may be sound Christian doctrine to treat Romeo, Juliet, and Othello as criminals because they take their own lives, but surely every audience and every reader must know that this is not what Shakespeare felt about them. It is very sad that so much ingenuity and close thinking should have been expended on a work of such limited horizons, even though that thinking is itself a logical extension of recent Shakespearean "historical" scholarship.

Bernard Grebanier

Bernard Grebanier, Professor Emeritus of Brooklyn College, is the author of "The Heart of Hamlet" and "The Truth About Shylock."

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A Voice Outside

Continued from page 22

the lectures are conflated into one.) Neither subsistence nor accommodation is provided, and the emolument of £300 per annum has not, I think, been increased during this century—possibly not since the Chair was founded in the early part of the 1800s. In 1901 A. C. Bradley's canditature was actually in part motivated by his need of the professorial stipend, and its buying power in those days enabled him to devote his energies to the production of the two great organically unified sets of lectures *Shakespearean Tragedy* and *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*. Of course, we are not all Bradleys, but even so the monetary terms of the Chair must tend to mitigate against any masterpiece resulting today from its formal requirements. In Graves's farewell Oxford lecture he confessed that, while not regretting his election to the Chair, "the salary, once irrecoverable income tax and forced benevolences to the University Chest have been deducted at source, and my return fare from Mallorca and a term's living expenses [Graves delivered the year's three lectures in the one term] have been paid, amounts to an impressive minus figure, each lecture costing me around £150."

The Oxford lectures were very much "composed in the forefront of the mind," and as the five years' tenure wore on there were clear signs of a somewhat desperate searching about for new material, and the resuscitation of old themes, like that of the White Goddess. One sympathizes with the lecturer, and one admires unreservedly his easy and lively style, with the autobiographical and personal flashes inserted in just the right tone, a trick by no means easy to bring off. A substantial part of the lectures consists of some rewriting of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. It is not particularly well done, but one is astonished to see it done at all.

My fundamental quarrel with the series is its encouragement of a magical view of poetry in a largely undergraduate audience—an idea likely to linger in their minds while Graves's insistence on accuracy and craftsmanship goes out at the other ear.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1a, *Northanger Abbey*. 2g, *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*. 3b, *Grand Hotel*. 4k, *House of Mirth*. 5h, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. 6 l, *To the Lighthouse*. 7f, *Green Mansions*. 8d, *Mill on the Floss*. 9e, *Ice Palace*. 10i, *School for Scandal*. 11c, *Old Curiosity Shop*. 12j, *Barchester Towers*.

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Criminal Record

Fact

To Walk the Streets Safely: The Role of Modern Science and Technology in Our Criminal Justice System. *By James H. Asheuer. Preface by Arthur J. Goldberg. Doubleday.* $5.95. This is an eminently sensible book by a youthful member of Congress from New York who has already won distinction in the area with which he is here concerned. (He fathered, for instance, the bill that led to the establishment of the National Institute of Law Inforcement and Criminal Justice.) Easy reading, too.

The Red Orchestra. *By Gilles Perrault. Translated from the French by Peter Wiles. Photographs. Simon & Schuster.* $6.95. In Nazi intelligence circles a Soviet spy-ring was known as *Die Rote Kapelle.* The achievements of two such "orchestras" are here set forth in engrossing detail. The illustrations provide a dramatic addendum.

Fiction

Great Spy Stories from Fiction. *Edited by Allen Dulles. Harper & Row.* $6.95. This gathering, naturally, is a companion piece to Mr. Dulles's *Great True Spy Stories.* The editor's annotations, some of them quite long, all of them important and unskippable, bring out such points as the frequent dependence of ostensible fiction on the real article.

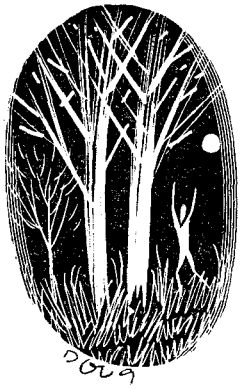
The Melting Man. *By Victor Canning. Morrow.* $5.95. In this, the fourth published adventure of Rex Carver, London peeper, the author-narrator is hired to repossess a stolen Mercedes, the value of which is less than the cost of buying a new one. Good-natured, jolly and at times lethal.

Honour Amongst Spies. *By H. T. Rothwell. Roy.* $3.95. To prevent her from falling into the hands of the Soviet apparatus, a British op hustles to Rhodesia to be present at a prisoner exchange involving female double agent. Easy-to-take quickie.

Boka Lives! *By Henry Calvin. Harper & Row.* $4.95. This semi-allegorical account of ructions in a former British colony, where the military has taken over and the civil administrator is a weak prop, reads as if it were based, in part at least, on fact.

Wellspring. *By Edward H. Hawkins. Echo House.* $4.95. Civilians, armed forces, Department of Interior, even the President himself sprout goose flesh when polluted water threatens the well-being and the very lives of U.S. population west of continental divide. Convincing chiller.

Never Die in Honolulu. *By Ian Hamilton. Lippincott.* $4.50. Australian producer of TV crime show, vacationing in



Hawaii, is jolted when female corpse turns up in his bed; pace quickens as scene shifts to New York. Good show.

Mr. Campion's Farthing. *By Youngman Carter. Morrow.* $4.95. Husband and former collaborator of Marjorie Allingham (1904-1966) here continues the series that made her famous. This reintroductory unit is a light-hearted espionage number.

The Man Who Went Up in Smoke. *By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate. Pantheon.* $4.50. Martin Beck of Stockholm police, on loan to Swedish Foreign Office when newsmag staffer turns up missing, crosses Iron Curtain and is accorded fine assistance from Budapest police. Q&A technique effective.

Pity Us All. *By John Reese. Random House.* $4.95. Beverly Hills realtor shocked when house to which he has steered likely prospects turns out to be mausoleum for infant whose face frames ugly head wound; here too is a powerful indictment of California criminal procedure.

Shotgun. *By Ed McBain. Doubleday.* $4.95. Lads of the 87th Precinct get entangled in a particularly messy murder in their city of ten million souls, not all of them immortal.

Death of a Hittite. *By Sylvia Angus. Macmillan.* $4.50. You will find much about the original Hittites in the Old Testament, particularly in Genesis and Exodus, but the Hittites David Gavin, English journalist in Asia Minor, is concerned with are of the up-to-date variety. There is a murder and there is a wedding. What more could one ask?

Sergeant Cuff

"One of the ugliest clouds overhanging America."
—David E. Lilienthal

"Once a bright hope shared by all mankind, including myself," writes the former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, "the rash proliferation of atomic power plants has become one of the ugliest clouds overhanging America. Whether the pace can be slowed, it is difficult to say; but that this book will have to be answered by those responsible for this proliferation . . . seems to me clear . . . PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM is far and away the most comprehensive and sensible statement ever made about the hazards and the limitations of atomic power."

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DOUBLEDAY

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Sporting Life

THE ENORMOUS popularity of professional football has not gone unnoticed in Hollywood, and we have already had a jocular treatment of the subject in *Paper Lion*. A new film, *Number One*, is considerably more serious—in fact, almost dirgelike as it details the tragic tribulations of a veteran quarterback facing the end of his brilliant career. Those of us who live in the New York area will be reminded of Y. A. Tittle, as, during his last game, he was helped off the field after that final vicious tackle. Or, for those whose memories go back further, maybe it will be Charlie Conerly. Quarterbacks tend to have longer playing lives than those in other positions, but it is doubtful if any of them look quite as gimpy as Charlton Heston does when he tosses a football. Joe Namath, dragging his patched-up knees around, looks like a veritable gazelle by comparison.

One of the problems is that far too many of us forsake everything else on Sunday afternoons to watch the action on CBS and NBC. And another is that the television medium has made remarkable progress in catching so many aspects of the game. My own enthusiasm has brought me out to Yankee Stadium several times to see the Giants play. Now, when I go, I bring a transistor radio along to help me find out what is happening. A seat on the 50-yard line doesn't begin to compare with what can be seen on TV in the comfort of one's home. I am instantly switched from a huddle to the nervous coaches on the sidelines. A pass play that brings the crowd screaming to its collective feet is seen from its most advantageous angle, and is then instantly replayed so that one may savor the thrill again in close-up. Movies, as much as I sometimes admire them, simply can't match electronic techniques.

Undoubtedly, Tom Gries, the director of *Number One*, was aware of this comparative handicap. To be sure, he takes us into huddles; he has the New Orleans Saints, with Heston at the helm, run off a few decidedly unexciting plays. But then, as though dispirited about doing what the rival medium can do so much better, he takes us into the personal and private life of his quarterback, and things bog down even more. It seems one of his big troubles is a lack of communication with his wife. She used to be out at his games, but lately she has the feeling she has lost her man to his public; so she spends more and more time at her dress designing. And what is a fellow to do, especially a famous quarterback? He has to have an affair, naturally, with a more sports-minded woman.

My own feeling is that Gries, Heston, the screenwriter, and perhaps some of the company executives went into their own huddle and came out of it with the nervous conviction that a movie that dealt too much with the sport itself wouldn't attract the female audience. So they went and made, by God, a *woman's* picture. By the time they finally get around to that last game in which Heston runs off a half a dozen pass plays in a row, each one an improbable completion, we're convinced he should have retired long ago, or been fired. Who do they think we are—amateurs? There's hardly a one of us by now who doesn't think he could do better than Allie Sherman.

A fascinating opportunity was missed to take us inside the huge sport-business-financial complex, to show us the wheeling, dealing, and sheer professionalism of the sport, as well as the staging of this often brutal spectacle. There's the gambling industry that surrounds the outcome of the games. There's the hard work and sweat that go into the hoped-for precise execution of the plays. There's the heartening interracial aspect of the sport. Here and there Gries does touch on these facets, but when the script refers to the Saints having won their league championship the year before, well, *really*. Who ever heard of an expansion team winning a championship so soon? Maybe the film is supposed to take place in 1975. The enemy in the making of *Number One* was television. It got there first, and with more. They're the pros, and the moviemakers are the amateurs, at least as demonstrated here.

Hollywood usually fails to demonstrate real conviction when it tackles sports subjects, and perhaps this comes from a lack of trust in the audience. I get the feeling there's still a certain patronization of television and those who watch it. The simple facts show this to be unwarranted. Electronic techniques, at the moment, are far ahead of traditional film techniques, in terms of mobility and adaptability to the requirements of the moment. And that audience is *educated*, you may be sure. We've been there too often, we've seen the champagne dripping down the victorious quarterback's face, and a lot more of us see a Sunday game than will probably ever see a movie called *Number One*. One of these days, the movies will wake up to the fact that, when dealing with pro football, they're number two.

"We might as well—there's not much doing until after the siesta."

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Scandinavian Safari—I: A Finnish Salute to Summer

THE ONLY CONSOLATION to being sealed up in a hurtling silver test tube for twelve hours is to arrive at a place like Helsinki. You get off the plane too punchy to appreciate the swank new terminal, anticipating the customary bout with customs and immigration, the logjam at the baggage-claim area, and suddenly you're on the front curb hailing a *taksi*. Chances are the driver doesn't speak English, but if you can approximate the pronunciation of the hotel, he can find it because there are only four or five tourist hotels in Helsinki.

Between plane and taxi I was stopped just long enough to have my passport stamped (no questions, no riffling through criminal check lists, only "Thank you") and to collect my bag. Approaching a third barrier, I prepared to open the bag to sate the probing fingers of a uniformed man posted at the foreign-arrival exit. He waved me through without a word.

Maybe I had caught the airport operatives in a rare display of permissiveness owing to their own fatigue, for my Sunday noon appearance coincided with the last hurrahs of Finland's Midsummer Festival, an annual three-day, nonstop salute to the solstice. The crescendo had reached a peak Friday night, but forty-eight hours later there were still a lot of sleepless eyes casting about for fresh adventure.

Helsinki quayside fishmongers—"In June it looks a different land."

Considering the length of the flight from New York and my unflagging aversion to the insides of airplanes, I weathered the journey in nigh fretless form. I want to lay much of the credit to Finnair, the Finnish national airlines that joined the transatlantic derby on May 15, the day Helsinki's new terminal was opened.

Any airline flinging itself into as competitive a field as the transatlantic air business is forced to perform a little better than the others, at least until it catches up in the race to fill seats. Finnair, then, starts out with more to overcome than Avis. It tries harder because it's *last*. Since the International Air Transport Association regulates so tightly the service and equipment of its member airlines—only Icelandic and Aeroflot of the major international carriers don't belong—there really isn't much a fledgling line can offer that hasn't been trotted out before. It can't give away souvenir trinkets, for example, that cost more than 25 cents; even the number of rolls served at breakfast is controlled.

Yet Finnair, in the style of Finland's breakaway design and architectural efforts, has added some new wrinkles. First-class passengers can crowd around a stand-up bar wedged into a corner near the cockpit, the top done in burnished wood. It evokes both a coming of the superjet age and a throwback to the cushy old Constellations.

We in the rear guard were stored in alternately purple and turquoise seats, treated to a gaming area in the back where a row is turned around to face the one opposite and a table stretched between, and given unstintingly good service from the girls and boys in blue, led by a queen bee in floor-length silver lamé. Maybe I am imagining a trend, but stewardesses seem to have declined in performance, personality, and beauty over the last few years—a time, not coincidentally perhaps, when the industry has suffered incessant growing cramps. Too often now the girls behave as niggling kindergarten teachers and I am the naughty boy caught out of his seat during nap time.

Finnair obviously has picked its first-string teams to fly the 7:25 nightly run from New York, which stops at Amsterdam to switch crews, calls at Copenhagen for another forty-five minutes, and completes the 5,000-mile swing at a noon that comes six hours too soon. If few of the stewardesses speak English unfailingly, they do strain and blush to render communication highly engaging. As yet, their smiles are not pasted on like a clown's makeup. On the homeward trip, at a time when more established carriers were bulging with returning summertime tourists, 128 of the plane's 140 seats were empty. It made the long run almost bearable.

Prepared as I was to celebrate the unceasing light of the northern latitudes, it nonetheless came as a glorious jolt. By an unbroken chain of events, including the mind-clouding process of a long flight, a brief but heavy nap at the hotel, and a swift introduction to Finnish beer and vodka, I came out of a restaurant the first night thinking I had walked into a soft 9-o'clock dusk. After drinking in the sweet piney air for a long moment, I happened to ask my companion the time. "Twelve," he said. I had to grab his wrist to believe it.

There wasn't much sleep in the five or six days that followed. When the summer nights hover luminously between sunset and sunrise, an outsider is easily coerced into doing as the Finns do: staying up and staying out. In 1967 I saw Helsinki in early December and understood why summer means so much. It was bleak all morning, dark by midafternoon, as though the otherwise vibrant city had been overlaid with a sodden rug. Now in June it looked a different land, and even the darkest corners were washed with daylight.

About the only thing the Finns do indoors in the summer is sweat in a sauna—and then in minutes they are windmilling down a wooden dock and soaring into a chill lake. They even take their housework outdoors. On little square piers just out of the main harbor, housewives congregate in rug-washing bees, scrubbing the colorful carpets in a sudsy fury, then rinsing them in the marvelously unpolluted waters of the Gulf of Finland. Often it's a family act. Through a friend who interpreted, I talked with a middle-aged couple who seemed to be deriving as much pleasure from their labors as would two vacationers lolling on a lakeside dock. Actually, the husband might have been having a gayer time than his wife because she was doing most of the work. "Our men come down to look at the fish," the woman said. I think perhaps her man was looking at the beautiful, buxom young woman working at the next wash table.

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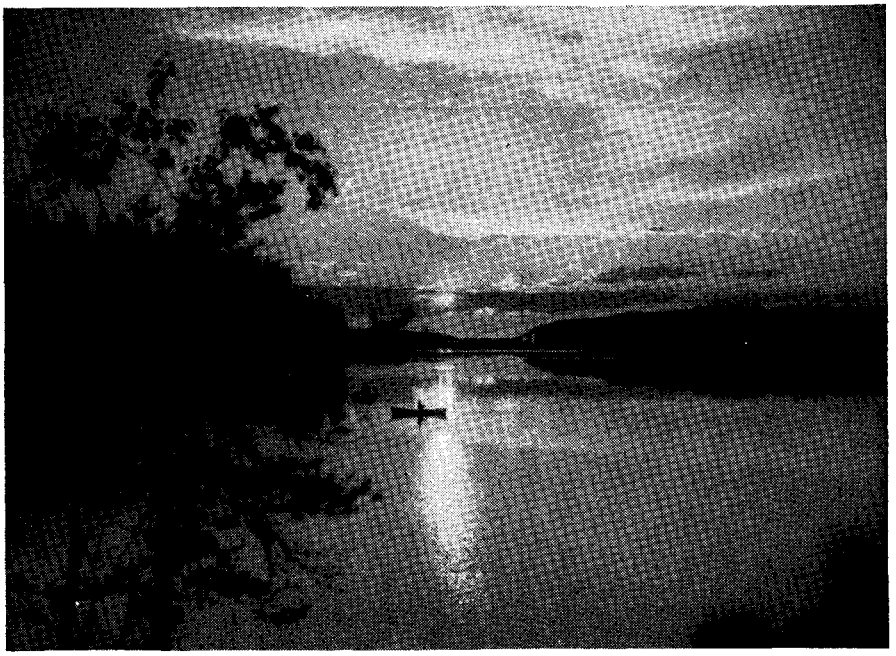
"Our children," the woman continued, "like to help, too. They think it's the high point of the summer to wash carpets."

That one I couldn't swallow. Customs and languages may differ from country to country, but kids don't change. It is always in places like Finland—small, remote, relatively untraveled—where the national lies loom largest. Before leaving the States I had vowed to play down saunas, reindeer, vodka, and all the other trappings that go to make up Finland's national identity for most outlanders. I failed. There is no way to separate Finland from saunas, reindeer, and vodka, a lesson I learned in short order from an indefatigable young Finn named Eero. His name is Finnish for Eric. I came to call him Eros.

I had shunned the sauna for twenty-four hours when Eero inducted me into the Finnish Way. "You haven't had a sauna yet?" he gasped. "Well, we will have dinner and then order a sauna. No, we will have the sauna first. I need to sweat out all the poisons I have had this week."

We went to a deluxe public sauna at the handsome new Kalastajatorppa Hotel, whose glass and granite form rests on the edge of a broad scoop of the Gulf ten minutes from downtown Helsinski. The hotel and adjoining restaurant are better known to English-speaking visitors as the Fisherman's Cottage, a reasonable translation. There are only seventy-seven rooms, but each one looks across the water to a distant, pine-fringed shore. It may be one of the last small hotels Helsinki will build. As the dawn of the superjet age approaches and faraway travel becomes commonplace to such wanderers as Americans, Finland will find itself in need of massive, impersonal chain hotels. Inter-Continental is putting up the first American one, due to open with 300 rooms in 1971; others will follow. This year Finland expects 600,000 tourists from Sweden, 250,000 from Germany, 70,000 Norwegians, 50,000 Americans, 40,000 Britons, and 15,000 Russians. Danes go to the Continent.

We sat in the bar watching the sun hang in the western sky, lowering almost imperceptibly behind the far shore, and drank dry vodka and whortleberry juice, a sort of evening Bloody Mary. "This is what the young people drink," said Eero, who is twenty-three but seems a man of many ages. While we waited for the sauna reservation, he sought to abolish another national cliché, one I had picked up myself on the earlier visit to Finland. Always Finns are said to possess a trait known as *sisu*, a combination of stamina and raw guts. It is supposed to explain everything they have endured, from the endless winters, to the many lost wars, to the sauna itself.



"Summer nights hovering luminously between sunset and sunrise."

"That is a myth," Eero said. "If the Finns have *sisu*, so do all the other people of the world. It is not a Finnish trait. You know, it has a meaning of stubbornness too. I do not believe in it."

From the top bench of one of the Kalastajatorppa's four saunas, we had a narrower view of the darkening lake. I was making my debut in an act that Eero has gone through three or four times a week since infancy, but given his heavy-headed condition that night, I kept up the withering pace. Three or four times we shuttled from steam room to swimming pool, pausing after each dip to have sauna sausage, heated in aluminum wrapping on the sauna coals, and cold beer.

The sauna is a masochist's delight. You sweat and huff in the 212-degree heat until it feels as if every toxic ounce has been discharged from the body and mind; then a brief, cool respite, and the happy torture begins anew. We passed up the ancient custom of beating one another with bunches of birch twigs. "It is not so much done by young people," Eero advised.

Awaiting the climactic scrubbing process administered by a veteran washerwoman, I asked Eero how a disrobed young man is expected to behave. "Don't worry, it is nothing sexual," he said. "She is like your mother." She turned out to be a little bigger than my mother, a little stronger, but just as deeply concerned that I be clean behind the ears. —D. B.

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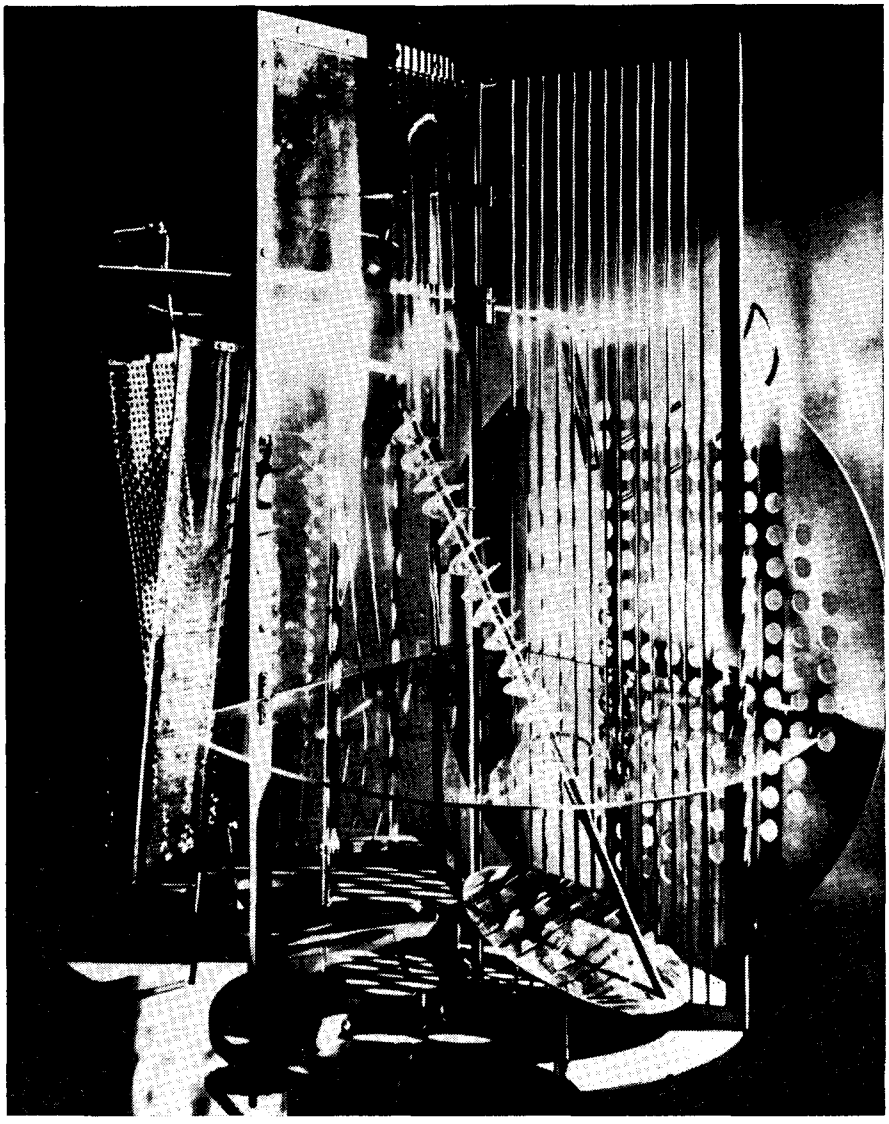
The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh



"Light-Space Modulator, 1921-1930"—Collection of Busch-Reisinger Museum, Cambridge.

Inheritor and Activator

When Laszlo Moholy-Nagy came to Chicago in 1937 as director of the New Bauhaus, he was forty-two years old. Nine years later he died of leukemia, but in that interval he made an indelible imprint on Chicago and, indeed, on the entire country. I remember meeting him a day or two after he arrived from Europe, where he was already known as a professor at the original Bauhaus and as an artist who had experimented with new forms of painting, photograms, sound and documentary films, as well as theater and commercial design. He was like a charged dynamo; ideas poured out of him a mile a minute. And we listened, hypnotized. Moholy made us feel that anything was possible; for him, everything was.

Already he was prophesying the end of easel painting, arguing that modern technology and the new architecture were bound to make the orthodox framed picture obsolete, a prediction that has very nearly come to pass. He foretold, too, that art works eventually would be designed by painters and sculptors, but manufactured by machinery, a common practice today. As early as 1922 Moholy tested this idea with his now famous Telephone Pictures, so called because he phoned all descriptive specifications about them to a sign company, which in turn carried out his orders in three different sizes. The resulting abstractions, distinguished by a spare spatial purity, conjure up both the past and the future. We think of the Russian Suprematists, Malevich and El Lissitzky, both of whom strongly influenced Moholy's early work; we also think of present-day Minimalists and their starkly reduced means. For Moholy was no less an inheritor than an activator. His Telephone Pictures, repeated in three descending sizes, removed the capital "A" from art as they investigated possibilities related to scale, duplication, and industrial fabrication. Other European artists, notably Marcel Duchamp even earlier, were likewise proposing an art divorced from the human hand; they had become suspicious of rich Gallic pigment and aggressively personal expression.

All of which makes it difficult to understand why Moholy remained a painter to the end. True, his most interesting work was often not on canvas. Obsessed as he was with the idea of space, and later with space and light, he attempted at times to paint with light, exploring all manner of new materials such as neolith, Galalith, trolit, colou, rhodoit, and Plexiglas. Probing indefatigably for that most volatile of all elements—speeding luminosity—he hoped to capture it in layers of transparent, translucent, light-sensitized substances.

Why our century more than any other has produced an art so concerned with space and light has never been fully explained. Vastly accelerated forms of communication and transportation, new artificial intensifications of light, and the whole syndrome of space exploration are obvious stimuli. Yet, surely an emphasis on two such evanescent abstract elements is not based solely on modern science and technology, but perhaps also on the unconscious need to escape the stifling materialism this very science and technology have created.

Currently traveling throughout the country is a long-overdue retrospective exhibition of Moholy's work, the first to be seen since 1947, the year after he died. Sponsored by Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, where the show appropriately opened last spring immediately around the corner from the very building that housed the Institute of Design—a school Moholy organized after the New Bauhaus foundered for lack of funds—the exhibit is also backed by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Slated shortly for the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and subsequently for the University Art Museum, Berkeley, and the Seattle Art Museum, the show will end next February at Manhattan's Guggenheim, which, by the way, has the

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largest public collection of the artist's work.

Moholy was a Hungarian, yet he was every inch an international figure by the time he left England for Chicago. Intermittently he had lived in his own country, Germany, Austria, Holland, and Britain. Curiously, he was less affected by the great painters of the Bauhaus than by the philosophy of that school. He felt that art must be an integrated experience, integrated with daily living, with producing and consuming. For him it was never an isolated precious encounter; it was available to and mandatory for everyone. In the Institute of Design, the process of making art was irrevocably tied up with the process of seeing and using it. At that school, let me add, no cleavage existed between the fine and commercial arts. All was one. All evolved from the interrelationships of nature, man, and modern technology.

Moholy was convinced that visual order would eventually result in social good. Like the Russian Suprematists and Constructivists who flourished during the early years of the U.S.S.R., he equated art with ethics. That the Soviet Union has completely repudiated this way of thinking is evidenced by the all-powerful Socialist-Realist movement which intersperses propaganda with kindergarten banalities. All visual order is gone. But oddly enough, it is the West that continues to build on these earlier revolutionary conceptions. If Moholy's optimistic idealism is somewhat moribund today, his insistence on the union of art and science is very much alive.

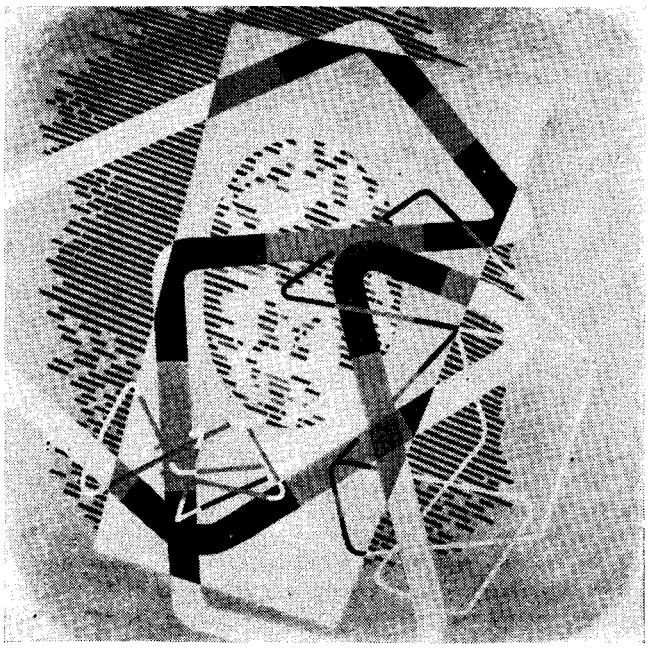
The purer Moholy's work, the better, for at heart he was not an easel painter. His oils on canvas rarely approximated the fugitive vision he pursued. They were too heavy-handed, too romantic for the clarity of his thinking. In other media, however, he succeeded with a brilliance that foretold much of today's scene.

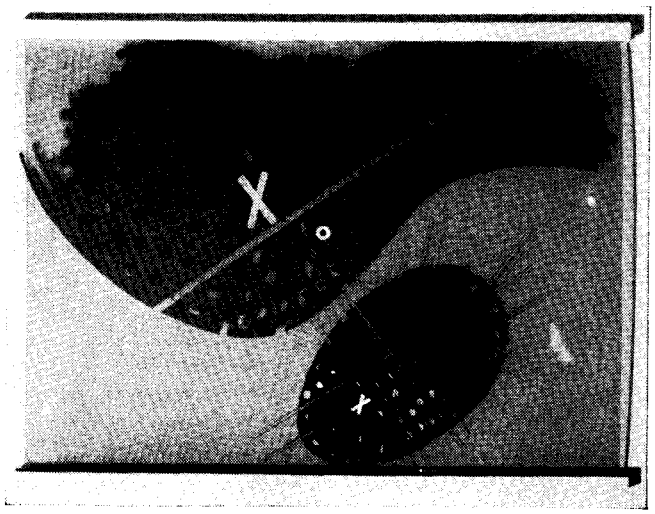
His drawings, even those on canvas, have a terse economy, a velocity that transforms them into restless space notations. His remarkable Light-Space Modulator machine, developed between 1921 and 1930, is a mobile construction of steel, plastic, and wood that predated the current enthusiasm for kinetic art by almost a half-century. Here Moholy substituted electrically propelled light for brush and paint. This assemblage of metal rods, screens, spheres, and diagonals was motorized and eventually became the central motif in a pioneer film called *Light-Play Black-White-Gray*. The artist's widow, Sibyl Moholy-Nagy, comments in her catalogue essay that the film "now seems almost like the cardiogram of Moholy's creative heart." For with this work he hit his stride; it was here that he conquered light.

I recall the first time the film was shown in Chicago. For me it was an exhilarating experience, and reassuring proof that light and space in art differ from light and space in tangible surroundings. Though still ephemeral, real light and real space have more than an illusionary existence; in art they result from purely metaphysical investigations that recognize no boundaries. Here, at last, we find unrestricted freedom. We come to understand real space and light more intensely after confronting their esthetic extensions. For only then do we accept the ambiguities that make these visual experiences more than visual. After all, we exist in space; we feel the warmth of light; we do not merely see these phenomena.

Later, Moholy simplified his Space Modulators though he still used a variety of materials in multiple layers, thus hoping to incorporate real shadows, real transparencies, and real, if limited, space. Certain of the younger artists today accept Moholy's tradition, at least in part. Take Donald Judd, who says, "Three dimensions are real space. That gets rid of illusionism. . . ." But Moholy never tried to eliminate all illusionism. He realized that art must remain a transmutation, though at the same time an experience in its own right. His best works were often dependent on physically tangible substances. He saluted the neon tube and doubtless would have used it had it been readily available, for I am sure he would have considered the light-giving tube superior to its painted image. Still, the tube as such could not have been the end aim for him; he was after a more complex structure where tubes merely acted as accessories.

He was after those positive and negative reactions of substance and shadow, of form and reflection, of speed and rest, of black, white, and gray, of sound, silence, and echo. In his Space and Light Modulators he sent light streaking along edges of Plexiglas and chrome-plated steel. His most memorable works became vehicles for choreographed luminosity, especially the Chicago series. I can still see the Moholys' first apartment on Astor Street, where the long entrance hall was lined with his earlier paintings from Europe, often dark, precise canvases in the tradition of the Suprema-





(Above) "Space Modulator—Red over Black," 1946, Oil on Plexiglas with screening. Collection Detroit Institute of Arts.

(Left) "Space Modulator," 1938-1940—Oil on canvas. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art.

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tists and the Constructivists. He remained a Constructivist in Chicago, but here his plastic sculpture, his transparent looping constructions, his painted designs incised on Plexiglas and reflected on surfaces underneath became entirely his own.

Moholy's American output differs not so much in emphasis as in means, though it is usually gayer, brighter, faster, less inhibited. No single work stands out, for he was more interested in ideas than in any specific production. As an educator, too, he was more concerned with overall conceptions than with individual students. His Chicago work incorporated a new world that he never ceased to probe. I can think of no other European artist except Léger who so fully understood this country and who was able to reflect its spirit so intuitively. In Moholy's late convoluted plastic sculpture, form ceased to exist. He no longer painted with light; he drew with it. Sharp transparent edges acted as luminous conveyers for nervous racing highlights. At this point, he was vaporizing, reducing, reorganizing, and remaking his surroundings. If single works are sometimes disappointing, their multiple impact is triumphant.

Moholy's life was snuffed out too early. Some artists die young but have said their say. He hadn't. At the apex of his career and still far in advance of his own generation, he worked avidly until the last day. He and we are deprived of knowing what he would have done next. Moholy wrote widely and well. One need only read two of his books—*The New Vision* and *Vision in Motion*—to recognize how much this versatile, vital man bequeathed to us.

WIT TWISTER #122

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

By murky _ _ _ _ _ _ and boggy glen,
Near _ _ _ _ _ _ unknown to sailing men,
The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ off their slime and steal
To churchyards for their loathsome meal.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 61)

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Burger vs. FCC

WHEN WARREN BURGER, the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was a Court of Appeals Circuit judge for the District of Columbia, he wrote two decisions in the celebrated case, *United Church of Christ vs. FCC and Lamar Life Broadcasting*.

The first decision, in 1966, was a landmark opinion that gave interested citizens the right to participate in FCC hearings involving license renewals for TV and radio stations. This opinion, carefully reasoned and lucidly written, has been widely quoted in law journals. That Mr. Burger was justly proud of it is indicated by the fact that he included it in his biography submitted in support of his Supreme Court appointment. The second decision, recently handed down, was his last upon the Appeals bench; it may have been written in haste, for it does not compare in stature with the 1966 decision. Affirmative, in general, with important consequences for the public interest in the long run, it is nevertheless ambiguous in some respects.

On the positive side, it follows up Justice Burger's 1966 decision in which he ordered the FCC to permit the United Church of Christ to intervene in the license-renewal hearing that involved WLBT, a television station in Jackson, Mississippi. The station was charged with violating the Fairness Doctrine, discriminating against its black community, and over-commercializing. The FCC, obeying the court's order, had held a hearing, but had treated the church as an "interloper" and "opponent," and not as an "ally," and had acted with "hostility" and "impatience." This was wrong, the Circuit Court judge wrote in a unanimous three-man opinion.

The commission further erred, said the court, in making the citizen group prove that the license should not be renewed; the burden of proof that a renewal would be in the public interest should always be upon the licensee.

The second decision nails down the full operative meaning of the first; it is hard to conceive that any FCC majority, however hostile to a citizen intervenor, could ignore it again.

The note of ambiguity was struck by Judge Burger in his curious disposition of WLBT's license renewal. One might venture that it was the court's best solution to a dilemma. Judge Burger found that WLBT clearly had failed to prove that it would be in the public interest to have the FCC renew its license for a full three-year period. He also found, unambiguously, that the commission had used the wrong standard in allocating the burden of proof in the hearing. Having thus found, the court could have remanded the case to the FCC, with instructions to do it over again—this time right.

But a new hearing would have meant that the United Church of Christ would be required to spend another small fortune pursuing the case; the church had done more than its share fighting in behalf of the public interest. Even if the court did remand the case, it apparently could not trust the FCC majority, for Judge Burger wrote: "The administrative conduct reflected in this record is beyond repair." Never, in fact, in the history of administrative law, has a regulatory agency been so firmly rebuked by a court.

Judge Burger's solution to the court's dilemma was to "vacate" the license and to instruct the FCC to "invite applications to be filed for the license." In vacating the license, however, he did not disqualify WLBT from being one of the new applicants.

This failure to disqualify WLBT seems to contradict his unequivocal finding that WLBT hadn't convinced the FCC that the station should have a full license renewal. What, according to the court's own prescription, constitutes disqualification if not failure to prove that the public interest would be served by a renewal?

Courts have been generally sensitive in respecting the powers of regulatory agencies; perhaps Judge Burger refrained from going too far in doing the FCC's job. His reluctance to burden the United Church of Christ with a new hearing was correct; his reluctance to disqualify WLBT was questionable.

Meanwhile, Civic Communications Corporation, a local racially integrated group, has applied for the disputed Jackson license. The corporation includes Charles Evers, the new mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, and Hodding Carter 3rd, publisher. The applicants propose a program philosophy and schedule that sparkle with authentic public service promise.

Whatever the fate of Channel 3 in Jackson, the two opinions of Judge Burger in *United Church of Christ vs. FCC and Lamar Life Broadcasting* will have important effects in broadcasting's future.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Summer Circuit

LEE, MASS.

THE TANNED, white-haired, handsome squire of Jacob's Pillow failed to appear for his customary introductory talk as the most famous of all dance festivals, which he had founded thirty-seven years earlier, opened in the theater built especially for dance twenty-eight years ago named for him, the Ted Shawn Theater. Just a few hours before curtain time an acute bronchial attack required hospitalization, but the show and the new ten-week season went on as he had planned. The veteran American dance leader—Shawn is shy of eighty by two years—selected youth to launch his current season, for the very young Boston Ballet assumed responsibility for the first two weeks of the festival. And, because of a sequence of dance accidents, a sixteen-year-old danced her first *Giselle* and had an audience in the great barn-theater cheer her to the rafters that really exist.

Violette Verdy and Edward Villella of the New York City Ballet had been engaged as guest artists for *Giselle*. Villella hurt his ankle a week before the opening, and Ivan Nagy (the much-publicized defector from Hungary, WORLD OF DANCE, May 4, 1968) of the American Ballet Theatre stepped in to dance *Giselle* for the first time with Verdy. (Separately, Verdy has, on other occasions, danced a successful Giselle with the Boston Ballet, and Nagy is a highly acclaimed Albrecht with the National Ballet of Washington, D.C.) Closing night at the Pillow, the Boston Ballet's own fair-haired, sixteen-year-old Hungarian-born Edra Toth danced the role of Giselle for the first time.

Technically, she was in full command of the difficult assignment, and, stylistically, she was right in the Romantic Age. But there was more to it than that. She is not old enough to give it the personal *élan* that a mature ballerina would, but she dances it with the authority and concentration of a true ballerina, and she brings to the part her own youthful eagerness, sweetness, and touching vulnerability. She is wholly believable as the innocent who dies of a broken heart, and also as the still-loving ghost of Giselle.

She was fortunate in having Nagy as her partner, for not only is he a true *danseur noble*, a cavalier, a brilliant dancer, but he is also a partner of strength, of experience, of gallantry. So it was that this young company, superbly directed by E. Virginia Williams, faced adversity and came smashing through to give Shawn's festival an unexpected and memorable debut.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

NOT FAR FROM Jacob's Pillow is the Beaupré Creative Arts Center, which in the past has included courses in dance—mainly ethnic forms—in its curriculum. This summer it held the first Beaupré Ballet Festival in its new and attractive studio theater. The performing unit was the David McLain Dance Theater, composed of fourteen members of the Cincinnati Ballet Company [WORLD OF DANCE, May 10] which McLain heads.

The touring group, because of its modest size and lack of elaborate production facilities (to say nothing of a live symphony orchestra), did not pretend to equal the mother group. McLain wisely chose to do ballets, all of his own creation, that were rooted in movement and in mood rather than in expansive theater. His new *12 x 9 in 5*, to music of Witold Lutoslawski, is a case in point, for its title tells us that there will be twelve dances executed by nine dancers in a period of five minutes!

The McLain program of four ballets was modest, charming, and excellently danced. It was a pleasure to have it on the New England dance scene this summer, but it simply whetted the appetite of balletomanes to see the full Cincinnati Ballet Company in its handsome home theater in the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, or in well-equipped professional theaters in this area.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET, aside from its handsome fall-winter-spring home at the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center, has a summer home with the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, where it dances at one of the most glorious outdoor amphitheaters to be found anywhere in the world.

The company, nearing the close of its festival appearances here—it will be followed by the Philadelphia Orchestra—has been performing in repertory. The program that I elected to see included Jerome Robbins's new *Dances at a Gathering*, which I had seen only once before on the closing night of the State Theater season. To put it quite simply, it is one of the most radiantly beautiful dances that I have ever experienced. "Dance," rather than "ballet," is the proper word to

Edra Toth, Ivan Nagy in the Boston Ballet's "Giselle" at Jacob's Pillow—"an unexpected and memorable debut."

Jerome Robbins's "Dances at a Gathering," with Patricia McBride, Anthony Blum, and Sara Leland—"It just poured out of the consciousness and subconsciousness of a choreographic genius."

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describe it; for although the technique of classical ballet is its base, it transcends, as does Robbins's staging of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, any single dance method and becomes universal dance.

When I was in Stockholm recently to see the Royal Swedish Ballet's production of Robbins's *Les Noces* [WORLD OF DANCE, July 5], Robbins told me that "making *Dances at a Gathering* was almost like it had been with *Fancy Free*—it just happened and I didn't know what was happening." *Fancy Free*, of course, was Robbins's first ballet, created for the American Ballet Theatre just twenty-five years ago.

Robbins worked on his *Dances at a Gathering*—inspired by études, mazurkas, waltzes, a scherzo, and a nocturne by Chopin—with members of the New York City Ballet (there is a cast of eight) while George Balanchine, the company's artistic director and chief choreographer, was abroad. "I kept adding to it as the pieces intrigued me, so when George got back I said to him, 'It's too long; we'll have to cut.' Well, he saw a run-through, turned to me and said, 'Add! Like eating peanuts you shouldn't stop! You should keep going.' So I kept going, and everyone seemed to like the peanuts!"

Its triumphant reception in both New York City and Saratoga Springs indicates that it was much more than being as irresistible as peanuts, yet Balanchine was quite right in his analogy, for the unaffected simplicity of the new piece is what makes it irresistible. There are dazzling, difficult movements, steps, and patterns, but they don't come off as tests of prowess.

It is a temptation to want to dissect a masterpiece to see what makes it work. Indeed, one would be unperceptive if he did not note that Miss Verdy, a true ballerina of great elegance, although she wore toe shoes, did not dance on *pointe* at all in her lovely solo; or that the booted males occasionally echo, in step or sturdy arms gestures, the Polish heritage of the composer; or if he overlooked shadings in playfulness, male bravado, girlish coquetry, reverie, celebration.

But the onlooker cannot explain *Dances at a Gathering* any more than Robbins can. It just happened; it just poured out of the consciousness and subconsciousness of a choreographic genius; it sprang, perhaps, from the pure, clean, uncalculating, ecstatic impulse to dance—like the impulse to reach for that other peanut. In *Dances at a Gathering*, the Robbins choreographic craft is there in full and awesome measure and can, therefore, be measured. But the inner magic of the Robbins art cannot be measured—it captures you in an unseen embrace and makes you an unquestioning, elated participant in *Dances at a Gathering*.

Neither can you analyze the chemistry of a great performance as distinct from a good one. At this same New York City Ballet program, Balanchine's own version of Act II of *Swan Lake* was on the bill. One of the world's major ballerinas, Melissa Hayden, was dancing Odette as she has countless times, always beautifully. At this performance, however, there was something more, something that might be described as super-Hayden. I couldn't analyze it—she is always an impeccable technician and a sensitive artist—but there was an extra about this performance. It had a hypnotic power about it, or, as the youngsters would say, it grabbed you. Later, backstage, I asked Miss Hayden if she had felt something special and if she had an explanation for it. "Yes," she said. "It did have a feeling about it. All I can say is that I just finished doing the four-act *Swan Lake* with the ballet at the Grande Théâtre du Genève, and tonight I felt impelled to distill all I had done in four acts into one—or maybe having done the four acts, the single second act took on a whole new meaning." That was Miss Hayden's analysis of what she thought about, but not even she could explain the dance miracle she had worked on stage. It just happened and it was magic.

"Well, it's certainly easy to buy, whatever they're selling."

KATONAH, N.Y.

THERE WAS no major dance event on the twenty-fourth annual festival at the enchanting Caramoor estate of the late Walter and Lucie Rosen, whose foundation supports music (mainly) and dance events in a forest-framed outdoor theater. This year's production for the dance-oriented was *An Entertainment for Elizabeth*, a masque celebrating the period of Elizabeth I of England. The New York Pro Musica produced this exquisite masque, with the entrancing subtitle of *Terpsichore Unchain'd*, and Julia Sutton staged the period dances with accuracy but also with lovely theatricality. Not only did the courtiers dance the measures of the day, but the Queen herself made her presence felt not simply as an onlooker but as a participant, even though an English courtier clearly disapproved of Her Majesty dancing a "French" galliard.

Such gracious "dawncing" from an earlier age of dances at a royal gathering!

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André Watts—"a roomy apartment across the street from Carnegie Hall, in a building preferred by members of New York's musical establishment."

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MY MAN ANDRÉ

by NORMAN DARDEN

I know I would be saying nothing if I said Vladimir Horowitz and Artur Rubinstein are the kingfish at the piano. Everybody knows it, and their public has paid them well for being so. Horowitz, they say, collected a quarter of a million for his now famous television recital. Rubinstein continues to be a sellout no matter how often he plays, and French TV spent a bundle making a long feature that will be shown in this country next fall.

But Horowitz is in his sixties and Rubinstein in his eighties, and the miracle of their superman playing will eventually come to an end, leaving the public to mourn the passing of their fingers. But while most admiring fans will be saddened, good times will not wither and die with them. A piano talent good enough to match theirs is in our midst right now. It belongs to André Watts, whose playing is as homegrown and as natural as Huck Finn.

It's true that Watts was born in Nuremberg, Germany, twenty-three years ago. But this doesn't make him any less American, because his American Negro father, a career soldier, was doing his stint for Uncle Sam at the time and lived with his Hungarian wife on a U.S. Army post. When André got big enough to go to regular school, his parents brought him back to Philadelphia to prepare for the big life. By sixteen, he was such a shot at the piano Leonard Bernstein chose him for a New York Philharmonic debut. When I heard him I knew he was the big piano talent I was waiting for. And he has been making it ever since—even the past few months he was on a Far East tour, in part for the State Department. He's due back at the end of July for a Tanglewood date with the Boston Symphony and Erich Leinsdorf, which is a nice kind of homecoming for anybody.

Watts is a killer. He puts bounce into long hair, and the teen-age girls love him. The first time he played the big halls, the critics wrote he was a great talent, and I thought from what they said he might be the one I was waiting for—a young brother to come through and make it on classical piano. Tickets became hard to get, but friends who heard him said he was the real thing, that you could walk until you fell into the sea of darkness before you could find another pianist under fifty with what he has to give. On that, I was moved to hear him or bust.

It took a year, but finally I heard him for the first time in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. That night he played Mozart, Beethoven, a French group, and a Liszt finale. I thought the greatest pleasure of the evening would be the novel sight of hearing a brother playing the piano with his competence and expertise. But before he got two feet into his program, he was playing so extremely well that who he was or what he looked like had no part in his accomplishment. He became a pianist without race sitting at the ebony grand and making it do his bidding.

Watts is a slight fellow with a lean face and long body; he isn't particularly athletic looking, but he has more than enough muscles to do the job. Although he played the Mozart in a manner that was nice and fluid, his playing didn't get beautiful until the Beethoven (Sonata No. 24 in F sharp). In this he earned his money. He was a show to watch, making runs jump and his hands snap and do what he said. The slow movement was played in a cool manner, as if it were a refined conversation. He impressed us all. If the audience still looked for more, he gave it to them in Liszt's *La Campanella*, for which he had all the muscles to bring it down.

I couldn't believe he could be so good. What with his young face and innocent look, it surprised me he was so with it—especially in Beethoven. So I made the effort to hear him at his next con-

Norman Darden studied piano at The Juilliard School, has given a Town Hall recital, holds a B.A. in mathematics from New York University, and is currently an associate editor for the Macmillan Company.

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cert in Manhattan, when he played the *Appassionata* in Philharmonic Hall. It's one of the biggest of the big sonatas, and tough pianists say that it takes a lot of laps around the keyboard to take it on. I wondered if Watts could go the distance, considering what a heavyweight the piece has always been. Just like a young pianist, Watts set a fast tempo, but he dug into the keys and brilliantly met the challenges that are everywhere in this champion of a sonata. It was an exciting achievement since a pianist has to put on quite an exhibition to clear this sonata. When Watts went roaring through the coda, I was finished with doubts about him. For the first time I believed that, given time, he could just about match anybody, finger for finger and soul for soul.

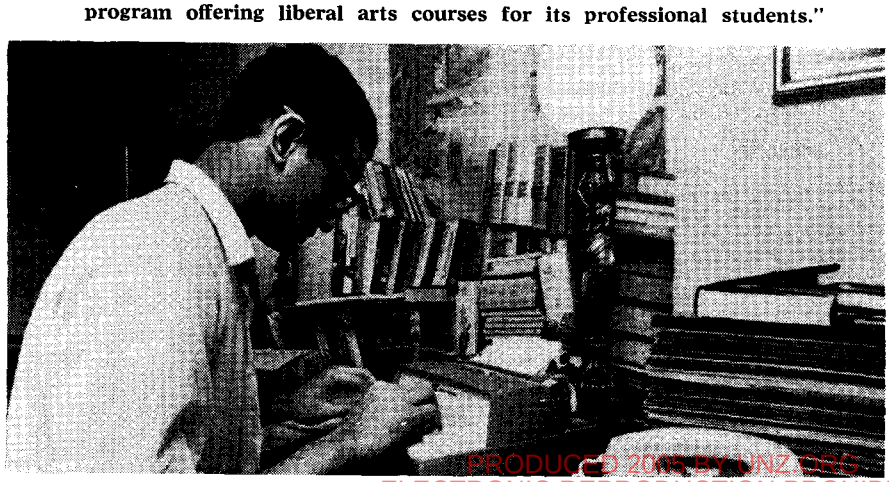
He will probably one day move into the solid front line of great performers. Already he's what many of the music literati have been praying for: someone to replace the great Willie Kapell, so senselessly killed in an airplane crash years ago. But, while the conservatories were trying to guess where the next would come from—most likely from a rich neurotic home of talents—André Watts (surprise!) was growing up in a part of Philadelphia where the times are rough. It made true my theory that before the Panthers burned us to the ground a great talent would come out of the very place they wouldn't mind having set on fire. I knew that the technology of the white world (which the Panthers say they hate so much) and the drama in the soul churches (which they say is keeping the rest down) would catch on and a young boy of my background would be made lucky with a machine in every finger to make the piano jump for days.

As far back as I can remember, a brother could always make the piano jump for rag music and boogie-woogie, but he couldn't cross over to the serious music and be successful in the concert halls—the guess being that this type of high emotional involvement and Western technology was not yet his bag. Negro singers have been doing well for some time in opera, the better cantatas, and sophisticated lieder, while on the Big Scene, the Negro pianists have failed to make it. For most, the science of piano playing has eluded them, but not so with André Watts, who with his well-drilled technique and rich imagination is secure at the keyboard and competent in the literature.

Watts's training has been first-class, and he still studies at the Peabody (in Baltimore) where he's working on his Bachelor of Music degree, having come from Lincoln Preparatory School (and the Musical Academy) in Philadelphia, where he received his high school education and early musical training. Peabody is a good place for Watts because it's a school away from home for him and it has an academic program offering liberal arts courses for its professional students, with a B.M. for those who want a college diploma to show for their work. Not the least of what Peabody has to offer for Watts is Leon Fleisher, a still young, very fine pianist and pedagogue. He's a specialist, famous and reputable for precise playing and Beethoven scholarship on the Schnabel side (with whom he studied). This is the popular study with the contemporary intellectual American pianists, and, as Watts's teacher, Fleisher is putting the young star through the drills sure to keep him trim and in good shape.

Watts could please any school and any teacher. His work is very professional. He even plays scales, complicated rhythms, and whatever else goes into the music he selects without strain. Most important, he can do it all under the pressure of concert-hall nerves. It is nothing at all for him to speed around the piano as fast as he wants and not miss a curve or a note along the way. When it's time for the stunts and fireworks, he can do it all in a way to bring down the house and have the audience begging for more.

"Peabody is a good place for Watts because it has an academic program offering liberal arts courses for its professional students."



As one of the elite of pianists, André's status treats him quite nicely. Like admission to the Social Register, his acceptance into this elite of serious pianists allows him club advantages. He has a roomy apartment across the street from Carnegie Hall, in a building preferred by members of New York's musical establishment. Columbia Records has given him the kind of contract made up only for those who wear the purple. But if all this has its advantages, it also has its drawbacks. Some say Watts has his good points and his bad points, and the gossip around about his shortcomings is coming from two different kinds of people.

The militant brothers are saying that he's making it on their money but keeping too quiet on the Cause scene, that he must have a hole in his soul. Serious musicians are whispering even worse accusations, like he is careless in his musicianship and not in there on precision playing. Reviews to the contrary, the intellectuals of musical academe (those who say Watts would be foolish to believe everything he reads) rate him a hot-rod entertainer, beguiled by his ability to play everything too fast, for surface glitter.

They also rate him an indifferent musician, one who is uneasy in the music of the classical period (which provides some of the best literature a pianist can shape up with). His emotional style won't work here, they say, and so the good stuff of Scarlatti, Haydn, and Mozart rarely appears on his programs. Also, the complaint goes, he has a weakness for bad music in which he can show off his pianistic tricks. They put him in with some popular serious pianists, who make their points with fingers and fire rather than by submerging their own personalities to the richer spirit of the music.

But the Watts audience believes, right or wrong, he's the greatest. They show they mean it by keeping his performances in the sellout category. For some, this kind of high-class theatrical playing is on its way out. It's not the new total scene. For their kind of player, it's the music only or nothing at all, scientific scholarship or nothing at all, perfect playing or nothing at all. If a pianist, no matter what his age, can't shape up his fingers to work in this new vogue, he can't make it into the chic clique of pianists who play the modern way.

Much of musical academe looks to this vanguard of intellectual pianists as the beautiful people of the inner circle. They believe that any recital of theirs will, automatically, be the best in town because it will offer the latest in performance standards in the dis-

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cipline. Every note will be perfect, and every finger will know it. The music will be in its proper style and personality frame, reaping the fruits of musicological studies and of the pianist's high regard for first-class workmanship.

Although this is the latest in research of the people in the know, the good news of the new performance standards will probably do nothing to Watts, since it's not likely that he'll close down his playing for a while and make this rather great change. He's enjoying great success, the kind of fame and glory few *ever* achieve. But as hard as he's worked to get somewhere in the big time and as roundly as he's put down many an artist who's tried to make it in serious piano, his accomplishments are not yet high enough to keep him unsurpassable into more modern times. Will the brilliance sustain him, or will it die out as scholarship moves in to replace personality and fire? Since, in the opinion of some, his performances lack these very important dimensions, the truth about this and his other professional limitations suggests the bigger truth that pertains to many black and white accomplishments—a technological gap between the races. What André Watts is doing now is, in some ways, of an age behind the times. He may be superannuated by a new school, which is putting him in a class that is behind the superduper pianists of the new inner circle.

One of his recent New York reviews suggested he's becoming a little too flashy, and London came on with some comments that were a little cool (to which Watts remarked in disgust to a friend, "You know, that was a damned good concert, beautiful, really beautiful; the critics should have flipped."). So I thought I ought to run back and catch his last concert of the season in New York and find out for myself where and how he was—if he was—missing the point.

His final concert at the Academy, in Brooklyn, was a program that was mostly junk—scraps he had put together at the last minute. He seemed too tired from a busy schedule of the week before to make his normal fire cover a multitude of sins. Despite the stunts and tricks, he performed with wonderful abandon. But he failed to make a significant musical point in any of the pieces he played. It was a disappointment that caused some concern with me as to whether the flaws and snags in his musicianship, which go beyond the five-finger exercises at the keyboard, are letting him down; also whether he is getting the right benefits from his personal intellectual pursuits. Even in the beautiful *Wanderer* Fantasy of Schubert, at the end of the program, Watts was playing too much on top and not deep enough to the bottom of the keys, to draw out the rich sounds the Fantasy needs to support it.

Reading the daily mail with his mother standing by.

To some people these shortcomings are serious, but Watts may not have to heed the warnings that he's courting trouble. It's not likely that he'll ever be laughed off the stage for too old-fashioned playing; he's only twenty-three, with plenty of time to mature, and therefore need not worry about the gossip of the inner circle. Besides, he's a great talent and he sounds more right when he's off than many excellent pianists sound when they're on. Right now, he's enough for any concertgoer who just wants to hear some good ole natural playing, and he can think about pressing on with the vanguard and its precision playing at a later time.

For a lot of people, he's already a symbol. Many people from the ghettos all across the country pay his high prices to fill up more than half the seats every time he plays because he's their man. More than that, he's a national hero, a prize for the country. He was chosen to be the guest soloist at President Nixon's Inaugural concert in Constitution Hall. He was chosen by the State Department to represent the government in a goodwill tour to the Far East. He's a pianist almost equal in fame to Van Cliburn, the authentically American concert pianist.

Besides all this, he wants to succeed for his own personal reasons. He's sensitive about the country's white and black race relations, particularly because his mother is white and his father is black, making him have half-allegiance to one race and half allegiance to another. Thus he has to be a quiet civil-rights fighter who lets his good example as a famous artist have the effect of a thousand protesters. He also has to succeed because of an experience with a family misfortune. His mother and father have been divorced for some time, and he's had little contact with his father since it happened, even to the extent of not knowing his present whereabouts. A total success will prove how much he has escaped the problem of a broken home.

Most important, Watts is going to make it because he sincerely loves the piano and all the excitement that surrounds it and the big concert life. About touring he says: "There's a chance to travel to interesting places and meet some of the interesting personalities of our times." And about the concert halls themselves, he says: "There's the warm and enthusiastic reception from the public, the tinkling sense of satisfaction you yourself get when you've really played well." And about the sacrifices he knows he has to make to keep his playing going, he says: "It would be nice to go out dating, but at this stage of my career, I can't afford to lose even one or two weekends away from my music, and I guess the rest of living will just have to come later for me." Thus, with all this sense and sensibility he should be able to satisfy his critics and to keep his tickets hot for a long time to come. After all, with talent as big as his, my man André can't help but be the greatest.

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"ORFF-SCHULWERK"— A JOYOUS NOTE

The great popularity of *Carmina Burana* and the respectable success of such stage works as *Der Mond, Die Kluge,* and *Antigonae* have made Carl Orff one of the most successful composers of our time. It may be, however, that *Das Schulwerk,* his method of introducing children and music to one another, is the work which marks him as one of the most influential musical forces of our time. For Carl Orff has not merely dallied with the problems of music education; he has poured his mature, creative energy into the field. The results have been spectacular. His system has already spread from Germany to Switzerland, Canada, Belgium, Holland, England, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Spain, Latin America, Turkey, Israel, the United States, Greece, and Japan—countries with widely varied musical traditions and educational systems. Educators must examine *Schulwerk* and weigh its virtues, flaws, and relevance. Music lovers, while free from any such obligation, should investigate it because its materials include an important segment of Orff's total output, give insight into his musical philosophy, and help establish his total musical profile. The sheer sound of the music, with the jangles, clinks, booms, rattles, peals, and pipings of its wildly assorted instrumental forces, and the enthusiastic singing of raw young voices, is a joy-giving listening experience. A small sample would be sufficient were it not for the high quality of the music. Orff, whose well-known works are on the grand scale, proves to be a gifted miniaturist, capable of composing compelling music out of the simplest materials. *Schulwerk* contains some of the most wondrously enchanting music ever composed for any purpose.

Recordings prove to be the ideal (and for those outside of educational circles, the only) way to become acquainted with the system and its music. A decade ago, Angel Records issued a two-LP album (3582-B) devoted to the first steps of "Music for Children" (the basic materials of *Schulwerk*) in an English adaptation by Margaret Murray—*Musik für Kinder* is adapted, not merely translated, for export. Happily, this set is still available. The German firm, Harmonia Mundi, is engaged in a much more elaborate, recorded presentation of *Orff-Schulwerk* in a series of ten discs, prepared under the composer's direction. It is not yet complete, but Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 10 have appeared, and now they are available in stereo. The first two volumes are announced for release before the end of the year. Since these will parallel the material in the Angel set, it is not necessary to wait for their appearance to study the method from beginning to end with only a minor gap in the middle.

Schulwerk has its roots in the work which Carl Orff did with the Guentherschule for gymnastics, music, and dance in Munich during the Twenties and Thirties. The theme of these early experiments was the unity of music and movement. In order to encourage students to improvise and create their own music, Orff developed a group of instruments which would be easy to learn and play. New forms of xylophones and metallophones were constructed with the assistance of Karl Maendler, the piano and harpsichord maker. Curt Sachs, then in charge of the famous Berlin collection of musical instruments, lent a hand by permitting Orff to make copies of recorders (then mere museum pieces). War, the destruction of the school and most of these special instruments, and Orff's growing fame as a composer put an end to these activities. In 1948, the Bavarian Radio approached Orff with the suggestion that he compose music for children to be performed by children for a series of broadcasts. He and his former pupil and colleague, Gunild Keetman, accepted this challenge, and the plan grew into a five-year project with "Music for Children" as its end result.

The instruments which Orff had developed for the older students at the Guentherschule proved to be ideal for small children with their limited muscular coordination. Speech and songs, absent from the earlier experiments, were introduced as a key factor in the method developed for children. As those familiar with Orff's music could easily guess, rhythm is the musical element which forms the core of his method. The battery of pitched and unpitched percussion instruments is augmented by clapping, knee slapping, rhythmic speech, and assorted noisemakers for the development of rhythmic skills. More difficult instruments are used later.

Orff intentionally uses an unorthodox approach to introduce musical intervals and harmonic structures. He begins with the two notes of the falling minor third (the cuckoo tune so natural to children). Gradually, third, fourth, and fifth notes are added to make up a pentatonic scale, which Orff believes acts as an encouragement to children to improvise without imitating familiar music. Sixth and seventh notes are added and major tonalities are introduced. The minor is brought in along with the Aeolian, Dorian, and Phrygian modes. In the final sections, the dominant in the minor, the fifth (with and without the leading note), and the fourth are explored. These scales and sound patterns have an elemental, even primitive, quality in which song, speech, movement, dancing, playing, and music are interwoven into one entity. Orff attempts to enter the inner sanctum of childhood pleasures, and to develop natural instincts into a complex and sophisticated musical expression. He has won great admiration and respect for the ways in which he incorporates sayings, riddles, rhymes, and word games into the rhythmic and melodic exercises and gradually introduces the child to a respect and admiration for the poetic word, which culminates in his use, at later stages, of the best folk, liturgical, and poetic texts to capture and hold the attention of his young music-makers.

The Harmonia Mundi series makes use of the original German version of the *Orff-Schulwerk*. The English-language version of "Music for Children" in the published adaptation by Doreen

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Hall and Arnold Walter (issued, like the original, by B. Schott's Söhne) is a severely abridged edition of limited value for use in conjunction with these recordings. Even the five-volume German edition does not contain all of the music presented in the recorded series. Unpublished Orff and Keetman scores are utilized throughout, perhaps to achieve maximum variety for listening purposes. In any case, the recorded programs are varied with commendable regard for the listeners' interest span for great numbers of short pieces by a constant shift of pace and tone.

Volume 3, *Major: Dominant* (HMS 30 652), introduces music which is much more substantial, though no less engaging, than the simple tunes and beats of the introductory material familiar to those acquainted with the Angel recording. The opening "Intrada" and the other brief instrumental works by Gunild Keetman prove her contributions to "Music for Children" to be as inventive and delightful as many of Orff's own. An example of *Paschen* ("syncopated clapping"), which still exists in the folk tradition of the Alpine region, is employed as a training device. Two brief poems by Martin Greif, "Hochsommernacht" and "Vor der Ernte," are beautifully intoned by Godela Orff-Büchtemann over an evocative sound base that also serves to give variety to the vocal and instrumental program.

Volume 4, *Major: Subdominant and Pentatonic II* (HMS 30 653), reveals that by this point the children are expected to have developed considerable skill in ensemble playing and singing. The pentatonic scale is reintroduced to exploit its additional possibilities. The texts for the songs and choruses are taken from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, folk songs, and poems of Mathias Claudius.

The next three volumes—5, *Aeolian* (HMS 30 654); 6, *Dorian and Phrygian* (HMS 30 655); and 7, *Minor: Tonic with Leading Note, Mediant and Other Triads; and Dominant* (HMS 30 656)—take us into a new musical language. Alliances with classic, romantic, and modern musical styles are avoided by the extensive use of modes. Their use also permits Orff to supplement his use of texts from folk sources with some medieval liturgical texts of equal merit and interest that respond naturally to modal settings. The fifth volume is in many ways the most appealing of the entire set. Those who enjoy *Carmina Burana* will find the music of this disc very enjoyable. It makes an ideal starting point for the music lover to begin his listening.

The introduction of the Phrygian mode provides for an abrupt change in the character of the music. This is the traditional mode of lamentation, and Orff's music reflects this by centering around texts of sorrow ranging from a fairy tale about Teeny-Flea's grief over the death of Weeny-Louse to a simple fifteenth-century text detailing the events of the Passion.

Orff's striking realization of the well-known "Es sungen drei Engel," his dramatic setting of the ballad "Herr Olof," and his charming dance song "Zu Maien, zu Maien" enhance the predominantly vocal program of the seventh volume.

The next two volumes in the series have not yet appeared. Volume 8, *Minor: Subdominant and Lydian; Mixolydian*, will round out the modal series. Volume 9, *Music for Movement*, will contain rhythmic studies, *ostinati*, improvisations, drum canons, and dances.

By the time we reach the last volume, 10—*Play Scenes-Laudi-Ballads* (HMS 30 659)—we have departed from the child's world and stand in the lobby of Orff's theater and concert world. The program is made up of rhythmic choruses from Sophocles' *Antigonae* and *Oedipus der Tyrann* (in Hölderlin's translations), choruses on poems by Hölderlin, Hebbel, and Schiller, the ballad "Lenore," "Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt," settings of medieval texts, the biblical "There is a Time for Everything," "To Sleep" from Sophocles' *Philoctetes* (in Greek), and settings of excerpts from Goethe's *Faust*. It is a long, but direct route from the call of the cuckoo to these complex choral works; but at every step of the way Orff the educator and Orff the composer are one.

The performances throughout the series are excellent. The obvious enjoyment and involvement of the performing choruses—the Tölzer Knabenchor conducted by Gerhard Schmidt; the Kölner Kinderchor conducted by Hans-Günter Lenders; the Kammerchor der Staatlichen Hochschule für Musik, München, conducted by Fritz Schieri; and, in the final volume, the Stuttgarter Sprechchor conducted by Heinz Mende—are strong endorsements for the appeal of this music to its performers. The instrumentalists, identified only as "Ein Instrumentalensemble," are equally good. No clue is given as to the age of the group's members.

This series of records leaves no doubt about the quality and inventiveness of the Orff and Keetman music. Not knowing more about the training of the performers, it is impossible to judge the system's effectiveness as a teaching aid. The question of its value can only be answered by educators and children. Its concentration on the pentatonic scale and modes gives it a valuable timelessness, but its lack of immediacy may turn out to be a weakness. The system cannot operate in isolation from other more traditional music which is bound to interest older children. Its greatest strength would seem to lie in those exercises and pieces created for use with the very young. And this is the part of the system which is easiest to adapt to the childhood lore of other lands when used abroad. The more advanced material, however, would pose problems of adaptation which would require a composer of Orff's stature to overcome. In their original German versions, these miniatures might, as pure music, outlive the system. It is even possible that they could enjoy a longer life than many of Orff's major works.

The recording quality is generally clear and bright. The new stereo pressings are listed as being *auch Mono abspielbar*, thus, playable in mono, but, ideally, as in all such cases, with a stereo cartridge. The extensive notes are given in German, French, and English (the English translation is by the *Schulwerk* specialist, Margaret Murray). Complete texts for the vocal works are given only in German except for those few French, Latin, and Greek texts which are given in the original and in German translations.

Harmonia Mundi recordings are available in the U.S. (postpaid at $6.98 per disc) from the Apon Record Company, Inc., 44-16 Broadway, Long Island City, N.Y. 11103.

—GEORGE LOUIS MAYER.

Decorations from the Harmonia Mundi album.

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Recordings in Review

Bishop's Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Variations on a theme by Diabelli (Opus 120). Stephen Bishop, piano.* Philips stereo, PHS 900-220, $5.98.

OF THE SEVEN versions of this cosmic work now in the Schwann catalogue, four are by artists who belong, generically, to the postwar generation of pianists (including the recently deceased Julius Katchen, a lamentably abrupt end, at forty-three, to a sizable career). Bishop's makes a fifth (the others being, to save research time for the interested, the older Arrau, Richter-Haaser, and Serkin, and the younger Barenboim, Browning, Brendel, and Katchen).

This attraction for the young, or youngish, is easier to explain than, in some senses, to justify. The bigness of the challenge, the remoteness of the triumph are all conditions that invite the aspiring—plus, perhaps, a lack of the caution that may deter some of their older (and even better-equipped) colleagues.

But with Bishop, the attainment is even more of a phenomenon than the community of impulse vis-à-vis the insoluble that he shares with his chronological contemporaries. He has, from the first, a bite of humor and self-amusement in his playing of Diabelli's innocent waltz (as a prelude to the magnitude of Beethoven's accomplishment in writing thirty-three colossal variations upon it) that alerts the ear to something special. Not the least of the indications that flag the attention is Bishop's emphasis on the left-hand bass line. For, like the intelligent musician he is, Bishop recognizes that an interesting bass line may make a richer source of variations material than a fetching melody, and he wants the listener to know that such is the case in this instance.

As for the variations themselves, they are of such diversity, inclusiveness, and range of content, emotion, and technical resources that it is all but impossible to expect one performer to realize all thirty-three with equal effect. Where Bishop comes closest to that illusionary objective is not in his dexterity, velocity, or depth of insight. All the pianists listed above have equivalent amounts in varying degree.

It is, rather, in his comprehension of the character and mood of every variation, his stress on the *musical* meaning they convey rather than on the "seriousness" of the project. He is not above a clean-cut stroke of humor in No. 5, or a burst of delicacy, even spirituality, in No. 8, even if it is not exactly the *Poco vivace* marked. Following the performance with the Von Bülow edition, one is impressed again and again with his response to almost all of the playing suggestions in that great musician's comments.

Not to be ignored in the summation of virtues is the richness and clarity of the piano sound Bishop has created and Philips's engineers have conveyed.

Kruno Cigoj — "frank, open - voiced sentiment."

Tenor from Yugoslavia

VERDI: *"Di quella pira!" (Il Trovatore); "Questa o quella" and "La donna è mobile" (Rigoletto); "De' miei bollenti spiriti" (La Traviata).* PUCCINI: *"E lucevan le stelle" (Tosca).* DONIZETTI: *"Una furtiva lagrima" (L'elisir d'amore).* LEONCAVALLO: *"Vesti la giubba" (I Pagliacci).* LEHAR: *"Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" (Land des Lächelns).* DI CAPUA: *"O Sole mio."* DE CURTIS: *"Torna a Sorriento." Kruno Cigoj, tenor; with orchestra conducted by Walter Gehlert.* Metronome stereo, KMLP 304, $5.79.

ANYONE FOR a fresh, young, flexible, resonantly lyric tenor voice? Kruno Cigoj (not to be confused with any other Shi-GOY) is the name, and his not only is the most interesting new sound in that line since the late Fritz Wunderlich's, but in some respects is even more impressive. Whether he can sing any complete opera role as well as he sings all the arias on this Hamburg-originated disc must remain for the future to determine.

As an aria singer he has the size and range of voice not only to indulge himself with an interpolated C at *"O teco almeno"* in "Di quella pira!" but also to fire a final salvo on the upper octave of the same note at the end (Verdi was content with a modest middle C). Discounting a certain amount of brilliance in the sound that can be attributed to electronic assistance, the voice is basically free and ringing. The extra electronic push can be reduced by turning down the highs, but there is no way of controlling the applause between numbers (presumably a part of what the jacket describes as a *"Live-Mitschnitt"*). It has, unfortunately, the sound of a canned tape, especially as the recording appears to be the product of a very live studio.

These points aside, Cigoj makes some highly engaging sounds not only in the operatic arias (the *Pagliacci* is perhaps the weakest) but particularly in "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz." There have been, literally, uncountable quantities of versions since the first by Tauber, and Cigoj's belongs in the company of the best. It is frank, open-voiced sentiment he offers, as honest in its rejoicing of the sound he can produce as in its appreciation of the elements that made it what Lehár called a *Zuckerl* ("sweet candy"). Notable, too, are such subtleties as binding the end of one phrase to the beginning of the next without the usual air spaces, a tribute either to expert coaching or to the Professor Lunzer with whom he studied.

According to the Bremen House (200 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028), from which the recording emanated, Cigoj is presently a resident of Hamburg, is now in his early twenties (the undated record describes him as "nineteen"), has sung at the Volksoper in Vienna, and is booked into 1970 in Europe. Cigoj unquestionably has a beautiful voice, and we wish him long use of it (in good health). Pray, too, that he goes the way of Schipa and Gigli rather than of Lanza and Wunderlich.

Boult on Parade

SOUSA, J. P.: *"Washington Post"; "Lilliburlero"; "Liberty Bell"; "The Stars and Stripes Forever"; and "El Capitán" marches.* WAGNER, J. F.: *"British Grenadiers" and "Under the Double Eagle."* ALFORD, K.: *"Colonel Bogey."* HOWE-STEFFE: *"Battle Hymn of the Republic."* COATES, E.: *"The Dam Busters."* RODGERS, R.: *"Guadalcanal March."* TEIKE, C.: *"Old Comrades."* DAVIES, SIR W.: *"R.A.F. March."* ZIMMERMAN, C. A.: *"Anchors Aweigh." Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* Odyssey stereo, 32 16 0318, $2.98.

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Sir Adrian Boult—"the figure and the face . . . also the moustache made to order for a Grenadier bandsman's bearskin shako . . ."

New, and Old, Masters

BRAHMS: *Quartets No. 1 in G minor*; No. 2 in A;* and *No. 3 in C minor.* SCHUMANN: *Quintet in E flat. Artur Rubinstein, piano; with the Guarneri Quartet (Arnold Steinhardt and John Dalley,* violins; Michael Tree, viola; and David Soyer, cello).* RCA stereo, LSC 6188, $17.39 (three discs).

THIS BEAUTIFULLY conceived and executed record has an infinite number of possible uses, of which the first two that occur to me are: if you, like Harry Richman, "love a parade" but can't stand the kind of people you are likely to meet at one, here's a way to have the best part of a parade without leaving your own living room; or, if you want to know, finally and definitively, which tune you have been hearing all your life is called "British Grenadiers," this is the ideal means by which to conduct such research.

For that matter, the selection of Sir Adrian and the London Philharmonic for these scholarly exercises also arrived at the ideal means for them to be enjoyed. There are, perhaps, a conductor or two in circulation who could match him musically, but who could complete the visual image as well as Boult? He has not only the figure and the face, but also the mustache made to order for a Grenadier bandsman's bearskin shako.

Not that it is all parade ground: There are interests of other sorts in the arrangement of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; "Dam Busters" is a jolly bit of Coatesiana; Sir Walford Davies's "R.A.F. March" is worthy of its exalted subject; the Boult reading of Rodgers's "Guadalcanal March" is a jaunty one. But the basic appeal is to the feet not to the mind; this is a record not meant to be taken sitting down. Boult has achieved the neat trick of combining momentum with musicality and giving a cymbal crash and a bass-drum roll artistic status equal to that of a harp *glissando.* Could we hope that this could be the beginning of a series titled "Boult on Parade"? The recording, incidentally, is in keeping with the subject matter.

The death recently of Wilhelm Backhaus at eighty-five broke one of the last links binding living artists to direct contacts with Brahms and his circle. But there remains Rubinstein, who, if he did not enjoy, as Backhaus did, the privilege of a meeting with the great Johannes, was reared, musically, by Joseph Joachim (one of the third B's closest associates, as well as a youthful collaborator with Schumann). However, this should surprise no one, for Rubinstein has links with everyone, reaching back on the other side of the literature to Chopin.

All this is highly relevant to this project, an awaited and greatly welcome successor to the Brahms Quintet in which Rubinstein joined his young colleagues of the Guarneri ensemble for their first recorded labor of love (RECORDINGS REPORTS II, *SR,* Sept. 30, 1967). From the power and passion they poured into that performance, one had half an expectation that, appropriate as it was in that place, the combustible qualities of youth and age might cause the same kind of conflagration in the early quartets, where it would be less appropriate.

Not a bit of it. The special distinction of the performances of the two early quartets is the glowing patina of mellowness that is spread over them by the new, and old, masters. From which participant this or that fine point was projected and polished is not only unidentifiable but unimportant. All one can say is that Rubinstein's recording of the G-minor (with Messrs. Onnou, Halleux, and Maas of the bygone Pro Arte) was the greatest of its time (1933), before two of his present colleagues were born, and if they have come along to sharpen fine points with him, it's all to the good.

None of this should suggest fencing or dueling for debating as well as musical points, but rather that in Steinhardt, Dalley, Tree, and Soyer, he has colleagues well worthy of his steel. How they can coexist as equals in refinement is evident in the A-major's Scherzo, in which Brahms passes back and forth among the foursome custody of one of the longest, most subtle melodic phrases he ever invented. Regardless of which player has it at which moment, it emerges intact, unruffled, and meaningful, through the final recurrence in which Brahms spins it out with a closing commentary of his own particular vocabulary. And is that Rubinstein's hum, so with it is he in the finale? If so, it is the first time in a millennium of listening to his records that the vocal has joined the instrumental. (A belated flowering of the Rudolf Serkin or Glenn Gould in him, perhaps.)

Notable, too, is the transition in weight and volume the group summons for the C-minor Quartet, which may, in many respects, be considered the greatest of the three. And it is a group transformation, not merely a buildup in the piano sound conditioned by Brahms's exploitation of richer tonal register and chordal combinations than he had dealt with in the works of Opus 25 and Opus 26. At times, one almost has the impression that he is echoing the wide-spaced writing of Beethoven's late keyboard works—and enriching the example by filling the space in between with string sound. When they get into the kind of writing Brahms was capable of doing in the Andante of this quartet, the response to the richness and intricacy of the written patterns is re-creative art at its most life-giving.

The "troika principle" on which the Schumann quintet was coordinated into a three-disc package is no more productive of unmitigated pleasure than any other shotgun marriage. Of the four works, only one starts at the outside edge of the disc, and that is the very first (No. 1 in G minor). Each of the others is spread over at least two discs, and the A-major starts midway on Side 2, continues on Side 3, and ends on Side 4. Whether this is worth the inclusion of an extraneous work (of which the discriminating buyer may well prefer another version) is dubious. In this particular case it is compounded by a performance that embodies all the artifices of the quartets, but treats the great and durable quintet most gingerly, in an anti-jubilant spirit which—for my taste in Schumann—is clearly in conflict with the joy and vitality that resounds in it. The recording is splendid, as is that of the quartets.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I

Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 in D minor. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas Di Virgilio, tenor; Norman Scott, bass; and the Juilliard Chorus. Fantasy in C minor (Op. 80). Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic with Rudolf Serkin, piano; and the Westminster Choir. Columbia stereo, M2S 794, $11.98.	Those who might assume (without taking note of the soloists) that this was recorded in the aftermath of the most recent Bernstein-Philharmonic performance in spring 1968 may bear in mind that it dates, rather, from 1964. Thus, it does not offer the conductor's latest thinking on this massive subject, but something of a transitional stage over a decade's time. The first two movements are almost overpowering in their rhythmic impetus, comprehension of structure, and penetration of Beethoven's musical rhetoric, especially the contouring of the several climaxes in the first movement on the way to the ultimate one. However, the pace of the Adagio strikes me as lacking the degree of animation necessary to avoid stagnation. Even though Beethoven adds an intensifying *molto* to the Adagio, Bernstein's pace makes an almost note-by-note experience of it. Likewise short of the quality of the opening movements is the choral finale. It doesn't ring with conviction in my ear, and the vocal ensemble sounds rather pawky for the size of the proclamation entrusted to it. This may, of course, be a consequence of the way in which it was microphoned—at rather a distance, it sounds to me. The Serkin-Bernstein *Choral Fantasy* has circulated previously in conjunction with their version of the C-minor Concerto (No. 3).
Delius: *Songs of Sunset*. Charles Groves conducting the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. *Cynara* and *Arabesque*. Shirley-Quirk, baritone; with orchestra and choir as above. Angel stereo, S-36603, $5.98.	Confirmed admirers of Delius will need no urging to acquire this well-chosen collation of works which have no stereo history, and little recorded history of any kind. For others, to whom *Summer Night on the River* or *The First Cuckoo of Spring* is as much of Delius as they care to know, the point may be made that these and other popular favorites may not be the only characteristic vein he possessed. His settings of texts was as skillful and as singable as any composer's of his time, and these examples (the first two of verses by Ernest Dowson, the last by Jens Peter Jacobsen, best known for *Fennimore and Gerda* as well as for *Gurrelieder*) are characteristically discriminating. It is one dividend of investigating this disc to discover that Delius was the master rather than the slave of his idiom, and could alter it as much or little as circumstances decreed. All the performances attest to Groves's credentials as a Delius interpreter, but Shirley-Quirk's pronouncement of the little-known *Cynara* is artistry of a high order. Beautiful reproduction.
Rawsthorne: Symphony No. 3. **Gerhard:** Concerto for Orchestra. Norman Del Mar conducting the BBC Orchestra. Argo stereo, ZRG 553, $5.95.	Though works of Alan Rawsthorne and Roberto Gerhard have been played in American concert halls, neither has yet made the breakthrough from Commonwealth to world status. This disc may assist both, for each work is compounded of solid musical materials, converted into a structure of size and comprehensible shape by the artistry of a skilled craftsman. They share very little in common otherwise, for the Rawsthorne symphony is decidedly an expression of a personalized poetry; whereas the Gerhard probes orchestral virtuosity in a manner that suggests a fusion of Bartók and Webern. Together, they offer more to absorb listening attention than is commonly encountered in a pairing of unfamiliar works. The British Council's participation in making this material available in recorded form thus is cause for congratulations. Sharing them, properly, should be Norman Del Mar for his explication of none-too-familiar styles of writing, and the engineers who have performed their functions well.
Rimsky-Korsakov: Symphony No. 1. Boris Khaikin conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra. *Song of Oleg the Wise*. Khaikin conducting; with Mark Reshetin, bass; Vladimir Petrov, tenor; and the Bolshoi Theater Chorus and Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40094, $5.98.	Rimsky-Korsakov's first symphony was begun at sixteen and completed during his three years' sea duty as a naval cadet. The process and its result are described at considerable length in his autobiography, *My Musical Life*. Much of it is concerned with his ineptitude as an orchestrater, which would be something to hear from a man who became one of the world's authorities on that subject. Here, however, we are denied that insight, for the version employed dates from much later (1884) when Rimsky had completed *Snegourotshka* and was on the way to writing *Sheherazade*. From this hybrid one can readily observe that the musical ideas which were to distinguish his best works were already beginning to flow, but the forms into which they were cast were all too confining. The setting for chorus and vocal soloists of Pushkin's ballad, though representative of Rimsky's technical mastery, does not impress me as a work possessed of much general interest. The performance and recording are both excellent.
Strauss: *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* (Suite). **Wolf:** Italian Serenade. Anshel Brusilow conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia. RCA stereo, LSC 3087, $5.98.	Of the multiple versions of this suite that have accumulated since the composer's own in the dim (Polydor) past, this is one of lesser interest and, also, justice. This is not for want of quality in the performance, but for lack of definition and emphasis in the direction of it. The notes, per se, are played correctly, but the relationship of voices, the placement of stress, the patterns of contrast are without the finesse or subtlety the music demands. The Wolf is decidedly better. The excellent solo violinist in the Strauss is Stuart Canin.
Weber: Concerto No. 1; Concertino (Op. 26). **Rossini:** Introduction and Variations. Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Rafael Frühbeck. Angel stereo, S-35689, $5.98.	Each new release presenting the talents of De Peyer adds to the conviction that he will be for the Sixties and Seventies, as a clarinetist, what Reginald Kell was for the Forties and Fifties (and might have continued to be even longer save for his mystifying digression to other endeavors). Here he shows the magnificent breath management, the evenness of scale, and the clarity of phrasing which have earned his Weber praise in the past, plus a warmth of emotion that gives him access to the innermost areas of the composer's world. He is at his best in the Concertino, which is reasonable enough (it strikes me as, musically, the best of the three works Weber wrote for the instrument in 1811). De Peyer's refinement and feeling for detail are perhaps a shade more than the Rossini of eighteen requires, but it adds luster to the dash and brilliance with which he turns the work off. Frühbeck is with him all the way. —Irving Kolodin.

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Pop: A Fresh Stash for Summer

By ELLEN SANDER

The rock garden is ablaze with dozens of new releases. For the moment at least, the best of the new pop reflects an encouraging flush of anti-trendsmanship as albums from artists and groups creating within the realm of their implacable identities are nurtured, produced, and welcomed warmly by the audience. There is a healthy flourishing of variety within the ever-expanding definitions of pop; after what seemed like a lapse in any genuinely inventive progress in this infant form of instant art, the field is again alive with products of imagination, scope, refinement, and enthusiasm.

The most auspicious of the new wave of pop recordings is *Tommy*, a rock opera, by The Who. Presented on a two-record set (Decca), *Tommy* represents the most noteworthy advance in the formalization of rock since The Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. (It's hard to imagine, but *Sgt. Pepper* was released over—or is it only?—two years ago.) *Tommy* is the story of a deaf, dumb, and blind boy's despair and joys, his eventual salvation, and his inescapable ruination. Peter Townshend, composer of most of *Tommy*, has scored a masterpiece, and The Who execute the opera with surpassing brilliance. The opera is cogent and cohesive as a major work, but remains good solid rock 'n' roll. Many of the songs stand up as individual pieces within themselves, and both the character of Tommy and the warp and weave of his story are artfully imbedded in some of the most satisfying distilled rock 'n' roll ever recorded.

The Who have never really been able to get themselves on an LP to the satisfaction of their hotly devoted audience. But this time around they transcended even their own limitations as well as the expectations of the fans they've earned in spectacular live performances. They've undoubtedly created the album of the (half) year, a work that is a paragon of the rawness and energy that is rock, plus the discipline and craftsmanship that is classicism: they have pieced it together with a sensitivity and drama that produces art of the first order.

With *Tommy*, The Who have grown tremendously. The charisma they generate has always made up for a great deal of past sloppiness and inconsistency, but *Tommy* is impeccable in its construction and execution. Live, the group does carefully excerpted selections from the opera plus that good rock 'n' roll for which they are rightly celebrated. The Who really understand that rock vibrates and resounds with a power and devotion only it can adequately describe.

> When I was just a little boy
> My one and only joy
> Was listening to that good old rock and roll
> Now I just turned twenty-three
> And if you want to get a message to me
> All you got to do is play me that
> Good old rock and roll

—Published by Cat Mother, Inc.—Emm-Jay Music, Inc.—Sea Lark Ent., Inc. © 1968 B.M.I. Reprinted with permission.

So goes the introduction to a patchwork of old rock 'n' roll hits—"Sweet Little Sixteen," "Long Tall Sally," "Chantilly Lace," "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," "Blue Suede Shoes," and "Party Doll"—that comprise Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboy's first hit. It's hard for rock 'n' roll to emerge, much less flourish, in New York City; against such odds, the survivors prove their fitness magnificently.

Cat Mother was born in a brightly painted three-story townhouse on East 10th Street, ironed out kinks last summer in a rambling farmhouse in Woodstock, returned to the city to cut an album, toured around the country earning a heavy national following, and came home to the sounds of their own hit record. Their first album, *The Street Giveth and The Street Taketh Away* (Polydor), takes its name from the title of a mimeographed underground newspaper the group distributed by hand in Greenwich Village while the music was in its formative stage. The paper had an irreverent skim of pertinent news and such secrets of street survival as how to cook city pigeons. The paper was as much the identity of the group as is their music; Cat Mother is a genuine, died-in-the-soot New York street band, as much a product of their environment as they are an outcry against it. They jokingly refer to their music as "slum-rock."

Whatever its origin, the music of this group is solid, hard-bitten rock 'n' roll, simple, honest, basic, and gutty. Their songs quote freely from a reasonable variety of musical forms from honky-tonk to folk, but the good old rock 'n' roll they open with is what gets them going. "Bramble Bush" is their love song, a slender, beautiful ballad; "Can You Dance To It?" is their song to the music business (constructed of time changes to which it is impossible to dance); "Favors" is their groupie song; "How I Spent My Summer" is one of the best politically oriented pop songs ever recorded. "Did you go to Chicago, did you see what they did there?" The question runs through the lyric; it sets the emotional tone and the unmistakable implications of the song.

Lest it appear that all Cat Mother can manage is tightly styled pop tunes, the final track on the album is an instrumental jam titled "Track in A." It cooks like a cauldron right into the sound of a slamming door which closes out the album.

Gospel sounds have been cropping up in pop lately. Rock 'n' roll, which characteristically combines with just about any form of music, goes righteously well with God, it seems. I like the gospel strains in pop much more than the rather lame country-rock trying to work itself into a fad. Some of the best gospel, rock, and white soul music I've heard is on *The Original Delaney and Bonnie* (Elektra). The recording opens with a rousing "Get Ourselves Together" and proceeds to do just that. Delaney and Bonnie and friends sing up a holy storm; the band that backs them blasts right along. It's one of the most infectiously happy albums around, and one of the most well-worked concepts to materialize since folk-rock.

Joni Mitchell is an individual who defies conceptualization, and in that defiance comes into her own brilliantly. Her second album, *Clouds* (Reprise), is one of the most lyrical, skillful, and utterly distinctive presentations of great talent that has ever had to stand on its own. A superlative song writer, Miss Mitchell is fascinated with womanhood. Her songs explore the joys and travails of being loved

(*Continued on page 57*)

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Quartet in E flat (Op. 127). The Yale Quartet. Vanguard stereo, VCS 10054, $3.98.	Broadus Erle leads a group whose special distinction is a finely wrought sound, passed around from member to member with a particular sensitivity to each other's effort. In this work they excel in stretches of lyric expression to which such considerations as purity of sound and mutual sensitivity are of special relevance. In passages of greater drama and stress they tend to be less satisfactory. However, in all instances the response is scrupulously respectful of the score, even though the result may not have the impact familiar in other versions. An instance of this may be noted in the finale in a series of heavily accented chords (first at measure 74, and later in altered forms). Most often they are performed after a slight pause and at a slightly retarded tempo (for emphasis). But the score sanctions none of this, and that is the way the Yale Quartet plays it. Clear, well-balanced recording.
Gould: *Formations; Revolutionary Prelude; Santa Fe Saga; Prologue;* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Morton Gould conducting the Knightsbridge Symphonic Band. Everest stereo, 3253, $4.98.	As noted when it first appeared on a release with restricted distribution (*SR*, Oct. 26, 1968), conductor Morton Gould's effort in behalf of composer Morton Gould has produced some excellent samples of symphonic band conducting as well as composing. Of particular interest is *Formations*, written on commission from the University of Florida for its Gator Band, traditionally one of the outstanding marching bands in the country. Gould has produced a perfect half-time ceremonial from "March On" to "March Off," with opportunities for twirling, strut, and other band-related maneuvers. The shorter pieces on Side 2 (of which the nearly ten-minute *Santa Fe Saga* is not so short) are illuminated by Gould's always excellent craftsmanship, as well as by the thought content suitable to the medium. The English ensemble produces a sizable sound brilliantly reproduced under the production supervision of John Cacavas.
Schumann: *Frauenliebe und Leben*; *Dichterliebe.* Lotte Lehmann, soprano; with Bruno Walter, piano. Odyssey mono, 32 16 0315, $2.98.	For those who recall the original issue of these performances in the early Forties (a curious combination of ten- and twelve-inch 78 rpm discs), the reissue will provide a confirmation of old impressions rather than a revelation of new ones. That is to say, Lehmann's vivid artistry and emotional abandon were approaching points of diminishing returns in vocal command with some unpleasant deviations from pitch and other strained sounds, along with the fervor which kept her beloved of her public for another decade. Walter, a good enough pianist at one time to record the D-minor Concerto of Mozart, was no longer in practice, and some tempi are slower than might otherwise have been the case. Thus, what one hears is an interplay of two personalities to whom Schumann's songs mean a great deal, though neither is entirely possessed of the means to realize the affection. The recording dates from one of Columbia's poorer periods, especially vis-à-vis the piano. Withal, the insights and understanding the artists provide are something which no devotee of Schumann should be without.
Shostakovich: Quintet for Piano and Strings. Borodin Quartet with Lyubov Edlina, piano. **Stravinsky:** Three Pieces (1914). Borodin Quartet. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40085, $5.98.	Reacquaintance with the Quintet of 1940, widely regarded as one of the composer's best works, does not argue persuasively for its chances for survival. Shostakovich's efforts to achieve a new musical rhetoric through the combination of altered intervals (in the manner of Prokofiev) and stylistic traits of Bach and Beethoven have lost their novel sound without revealing much of substance in the ideas they cloak. As Shostakovich had, by 1940, written his first six symphonies, plus various works of balletic and operatic character, there is some ground for belief that the best work he was capable of doing was behind him. The Borodin Quartet is abreast of every turn and involution of the five movements, and Miss Edlina has both the fluency and the strength to render justice to the piano part. The quartet enters into the quite different world of the 1914 Stravinsky pieces no less completely, whether titled "Dance," "Excentrique," or "Cantrique." Purity of intonation and equality of balance among the four instruments are factors underlying a brilliant interpretative effort. Fine sound in both instances.
Stravinsky: *Le sacre du printemps*; *Scherzo à la Russe.* Michael Tilson Thomas and Ralph Grierson, pianos. Angel stereo, S-36024, $5.98.	The inclusion of *Le sacre du printemps* in the "miscellaneous" category is neither a put-on nor a take-off, but an extension of the current contention that "If it's written, it's recorded." In sponsoring this outpost extension to the totality of Stravinsky on records, Angel may not have gained a hit, but it has acquired a pair of pianists who may go far in such specialized efforts as this one. If there is an enduring element of interest in this undertaking—after the initial one of satisfying those curious to know how the score might have sounded when Debussy played bass and Stravinsky treble—it is in the intelligence, drive, and insight Thomas and Grierson apply to their far from grateful task. They obviously have the idiom and the vocabulary wholly in hand as well as in mind, and restate it with complete naturalness. For the purposes of recording, the pianists are at separate instruments rather than sharing the same bench for the four-hand version that Stravinsky created on the way to bringing the instrumental score into being. It doesn't impress me as negating any values in the experience, rather adding to clarity and definition. That experience, as noted, is a specialized one not likely to magnetize all those who respond to a Bernstein, Boulez, or Ozawa performance; but it should arouse the attentions of those curious to know how the basic stuff of this music can be communicated minus orchestral values. It not only can be but is communicated, thus permitting the essential elements of Stravinsky's elaborate design to be appraised for the rock-sturdy things they are. The *Scherzo à la Russe* is also well played. —I.K.

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Bach by the Book

The doors have been thrown open on a wealth of postwar musicological research that has gone deeply into the questions of authenticity in performing pre-Romantic scores, particularly the eighteenth century and Bach and Handel. For the properly motivated scholar and conductor, there are clear-cut lines as to size of orchestra and chorus, theories of tempi, fundamentals of embellishment and instrumentation, and so on. Of course, if you are Klemperer, you can dwell in the Dark Ages and still bring a special kind of genius to the music of Bach. With all these basics under his belt, the enlightened conductor has still another choice of two divergent solutions to the same problem—and each of these two forks in the road is successfully followed to its rightful destination on two new recordings of two Bach masterpieces, the Mass in B minor of 1748 and the *St. Matthew Passion* of 1729. On the former (Telefunken SKH 20, $17.85), conductor Nikolaus Harnoncourt has elected to return to the time of Bach and assemble a performance which Bach himself might have heard in the St. Thomas Church of Leipzig, using instruments and choral forces of the period. Wolfgang Gönnenwein, on the other hand, having also greatly benefited from modern-day research, leads a reading of the *Matthew Passion* (Angel SD-3725, $23.98) with contemporary forces (mixed choir) and instruments, but with an always attentive eye to the original size of the ensemble, the arrangement of his choir and soloists, and stylistic awareness.

Harnoncourt's discussion on the tradition of performance (number of performers, allotment of arias, Bach's orchestra and instruments, phrasing and intended tempi) may lead the uninitiated to believe this to be a purely academic attitude toward Bach. But, fortunately, he is a lively music-maker, and this whole project, as rarefied as its air may first appear, has a tremendous conviction about it—and the music truly comes alive. Following Bach's memorandum to the Leipzig Council in 1733, Harnoncourt uses three to four singers per part, single players for the wind parts matched by two or three players each for the first and second violins, two violas and cellos, and one violine (bass). His chorus ranges from sixteen voices to forty-two for the large-scale numbers. The orchestra—the Concentus Musicus Wien, which he conducts from his cello position in the continuo group—employs instruments dating from 1650 to 1804.

Also in line with the practice of the period, the Vienna Boys' Choir takes the soprano and alto parts, while the Chorus Viennensis (former Vienna Boys' Choir members) are the tenors and basses. According to his belief that "the old masters chose considerably faster tempi than one ascribes to them today," Harnoncourt's pace is generally quick and, for the most part, effective—even if "Credo in unum Deum" and "Crucifixus" miss the profounder emotions.

His soloists fit well into this concept. Sopranos Rotraud Hansmann and Emiko Iiyama have an appealing clarity and tenderness right for the "Christe eleison" duet (Harnoncourt rightly gives it to his first and second soprano, instead of giving the lower part and solo soprano part in "Laudamus te" to the alto). The alto Helen Watts has the most full-bodied sound and does well by "Qui sedes" and the heartfelt "Agnus Dei." Given all the bass arias, Max von Egmond is more comfortable in "Et in spiritum" than in his opening "Quoniam," which is notable for the mellow sound of the corno da caccia. The list of high points is long, but one must mention the resplendent tone of the boys' voices throughout (especially in the "Gloria" and "et expecto" in combination with the brilliant trumpets and flutes) and tenor Kurt Equiluz in the "Dominus Deus" and "Benedictus," where he is well seconded by lovely flute solos. On the debit side, there is a certain lack in the bass line in sections such as "Sanctus," "Pleni sunt," and "Osanna" (due to the absence of mature bass voices in the chorus), as well as a certain want of expressiveness in the "Qui tollis" and "Confiteor." Yet, this B-minor Mass goes far beyond the scholarly exercise it might have been and sheds some very audible light on a sound for Bach quite removed from the one to which our nineteenth-century ears have become accustomed.

Gönnenwein, it would seem, is the more practical musician conducting a performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* better geared to the practicalities of playing Bach today—and his results with the highly accomplished Consortium Musicum and South German Madrigal Choir and Boys' Choir are certainly as admirable in their way as Harnoncourt's are in his. From the opening chorus, "Kommt, ihr Tochter," it is apparent that Bach's important division of the chorus and orchestra across the organ loft is to be stressed in the vivid stereo spread of sound. Recorded in the Pfarr Kirche Cathedral at Schwaigen in Swabia, the tone is warm and full while maintaining the indispensable

clarity for chorus and orchestra. This conductor's flowing rhythms also lean to the fast side, but there is a certain Germanic weight and bedrock security that lend the right emotional power and architectural strength.

A splendid array of Bach soloists has also been gathered under Gönnenwein's baton. Tenor Theo Altmayer is a superior Evangelist, vocally appealing and even throughout the range, narrating in an animated, though perfectly straightforward, manner which leaves the more dramatic stress in the arias and choruses. Bass-baritone Franz Crass, has the full house of vocal riches as Jesus, but he misses some of the spiritual quality and other-world dignity of the role. The Hamburg-based bass, Hans Sotin, has the right authority as Pontius Pilate, Peter, and the High Priest.

Soprano Teresa Zylis-Gara possesses one of the most cultivated voices currently to be heard: crystal pure, sparing in its vibrato, and radiantly beautiful on top. Its instrumental qualities offer a perfect blend with the oboes and strings. A name new to recordings is the young Hungarian contralto, Julia Hamari, who also has the clear, expressive voice so right for Bach's music, to which she is able to bring a smooth, steady line and delicacy of phrasing. Nicolai Gedda gives typically strong readings of the tenor arias, and baritone Hermann Prey brings a generous amount of sensitivity and beauty of tone to "Gerne will ich mich bequemen" and "Gebt mir." Despite strong competition, this *St. Matthew Passion* has gathered almost the perfect combination of scholastic background, size of forces, stylistically indoctrinated soloists, and that ultimate goal—phonographic communication. One couldn't hope for much more.

—Robert Jacobson.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Phoenix at Snape, Berlioz by Davis

THIS WEEKEND, music lovers all over Britain were shocked to learn, via BBC news bulletins, that, following the opening concert of the 1969 Aldeburgh Festival, the beautiful new concert hall known as The Maltings at Snape was destroyed by fire during the night. The loss of this splendid auditorium, officially opened by Queen Elizabeth only two years ago, must surely be felt as a bitter blow by Benjamin Britten and all those associated with him in the running of our most attractive music festival, now largely centered upon The Maltings; while Decca, which had been closely involved with the project since its inception, has lost a venue which had already yielded some outstanding recordings (one of which, devoted to English music for strings, is among the company's current releases). Notwithstanding this disaster, the festival went ahead more or less as planned, with the events scheduled for The Maltings transferred to nearby churches, and all concerned appear to be determined that The Maltings shall, as soon as possible, rise again, Phoenix-like, from the ashes. Only time can tell, however, whether the rebuilt hall, if and when it materializes, will match the acoustics of its predecessor or whether, to reduce future risks of a similar disaster, its predominantly wooden structure may have to be drastically modified.

Meanwhile, at Covent Garden, Britten's very first opera, *Peter Grimes*, has been revived after a gap of some years (though it has been in the Sadler's Wells repertoire, on and off, most of the time). It seems scarcely credible that this masterpiece is now almost a quarter-of-a-century old; it still sounds so fresh, and, every time I see it, it seems an even finer work than on the last occasion. Indeed, the current revival proved something of a revelation since it gave us our first experience of the successful Metropolitan Opera partnership of Colin Davis and Jon Vickers. Though not in his best vocal form, the Canadian tenor made a great impression in the title role, strongly supported by Heather Harper (Ellen) and Geraint Evans (Balstrode), while Davis gave us a reading of the score tauter, angrier, and more dramatic than any previously heard hereabouts.

Recently, a fellow critic reported a French friend of his as having referred to Berlioz as "your national composer," and, to judge from the intense activity still in progress in connection with the centenary, it really does look as though Britain's musical public had decided to adopt a composer who is still not appreciated at his true worth by his compatriots. Since last I wrote, Londoners have been able to see a production—albeit one of modest pretensions—of *Beatrice and Benedict* in the course of the Camden Festival; while more recently St. Paul's Cathedral was the venue for two massive concerts devoted to his most grandiose compositions: the *Grande Messe des Morts,* the *Te Deum,* and the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale.*

Even for music on so monumental a scale, the acoustics of Wren's huge cathedral—which has a reverberation period not far short of ten seconds—are a bit too much of a good thing, though in the two choral works the effect was often unforgettable (never more so than in the alternate orchestral and organ chords which open the *Te Deum*). But the *Symphonie* is another matter, for this magnificent ceremonial piece so admired by Richard Wagner (who was in Paris when it was first performed) is really open-air music, and St. Paul's played havoc with its marmoreal textures. This weekend Philips is recording the whole work under Colin Davis's direction (but not, I am glad to report, in any cathedral), while the company's recording of the *Te Deum* has just been issued.

This is in most respects a splendid achievement, offering a convincing likeness of a score full of lovely and subtle music as well as passages of incomparable grandeur—a work which I find more consistently inspired than the more celebrated Requiem. That the record should have turned out so well is the more creditable in view of the characteristically Berliozian difficulties and misfortunes which attended its birth: the last-minute abandonment of the chosen venue, Westminster Cathedral, when it was discovered that the organ there was wrong in pitch, further mishaps with the organ at Watford Town Hall, and a late substitution of the tenor soloist. The latter does, I fear, represent the only serious drawback on the finished disc, for Franco Tagliavini handles his important but fortunately brief solo in a manner that suggests little affinity with Berlioz's style.

Only in this respect was the old Beecham recording, originally issued about fifteen years ago, superior to its successor, for Alexander Young sang the passage in question far more beautifully. Colin Davis surpasses even Sir Thomas in this music, the contribution of choir and orchestra is absolutely superb, and the recording, whose acoustics were skillfully "faked" to give the *Te Deum* the kind of ambience demanded by the music (Westminster Cathedral would have done so naturally, but Watford Town Hall is a comparatively "dead" auditorium), is more successful than one had dared to hope. Apart from dissatisfaction with Mr. Tagliavini, my only regret about the disc concerns the omission of two extra, purely orchestral movements which Berlioz intended to be played whenever the *Te Deum* might be performed on a great national occasion.

If Davis's resplendent and sensitive reading of the *Te Deum* provides us with a really important addition to the Berlioz repertoire on disc, the same can hardly be said of Stokowski's frequently bizarre account of the *Symphonie fantastique* which has just been issued by Decca in their "Phase-4" series. The old magician can still coax an orchestra like the New Philharmonia into giving him some really fine playing, but his frequent eccentricities of line, accent, internal balance, and even orchestration (even a master of instrumental color like Berlioz has to suffer occasional "improvements" at his hands) tend to invalidate the performance as a whole. Added to this, the "Phase-4" recording, utilizing what are basically pop music techniques, plays havoc with orchestral geography, turning so imaginative a score into a bag of stereo tricks: the result may be fantastic, but it is hardly *fantastique*!

I have already referred to the company's latest, Britten-directed disc recorded in the now destroyed auditorium of The Maltings; this features the English Chamber Orchestra in a delightful program including Elgar's Introduction and Allegro and Britten's own *Simple Symphony*, as well as shorter pieces by Purcell, Delius, and Frank Bridge (who was Britten's teacher)—lithe and vital performances, enhanced by the warm and spacious recording. From the Suisse Romande under its new principal conductor, Paul Kletzki, comes a skillful and warm-hearted account of Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony (with *Night on the Bare Mountain* as fill-up), while Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is featured—absolutely complete for the first time in stereo—on a new and beautifully recorded disc by the New Philharmonia conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, with vocal contributions from Hanneke van Bork, Alfreda Hodgson, and the Ambrosian Singers.

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New Adventures of the Jazz Guitar

I was last saying in this space that although the jazz guitar has had many very good players since Charlie Christian, including some who have supplied a lyricism that he lacked, it has had none who was his equal.

It has also had a few public successes, and the latest is a Hungarian-born guitarist named Gabor Szabo. Szabo, whose style is a singular amalgam of Mississippi, Mersey, Madras, and Magyar, well marinated in Mediterranean chicken fat and garnished with marzipan, has declared that jazz as we know it is dead (as *who* knows it?), but he makes it at the festivals and with the record-buyers nevertheless.

Szabo has three virtually simultaneous current releases. *More Sorcery* (Impulse stereo, A-9167) contains Gabor originals, a Beatles ditty, a recent show tune, a bossa nova, etc., played by two quintets. It seems to be made up of the leftovers of previous LPs. *Bacchanal* (Skye stereo, SK-3) is more recent quintet stuff, with more Szabo originals, two Donovan tunes, a movie theme, a recent hit ("Love is Blue"), etc. *Dreams* (Skye stereo, SK-7) has Szabo with a medium-sized ensemble (a couple of strings, some French horns, and lots of clicking, scraping, rattling, popping percussion) and arrangements by Gary McFarland.

One of the most interesting aspects of this music, evident in the quintet LPs especially, is the very different sound and effect that Szabo and his second-stringer, Jim Stewart, get from their guitars. Otherwise, Szabo's stock-in-trade would seem to be a kind of genteel, world-weary version of the modal, around-the-drone, incantatory improvising that, in John Coltrane's music, had a quite different force and import.

Blues-rock guitarist and singer Johnny Winter has two current releases—not to mention a ream or two of current publicity—*The Progressive Blues Experiment* on Imperial stereo, LP-12431, and just plain *Johnny Winter* on Columbia stereo, CS 9862.

Winter seems ready to out-twang everybody with his guitar and eager to out-muddy everybody with his rather weak and somewhat misused voice. He seems to me an embarrassingly sincere, derivative performer who will probably have all the success that Columbia Records expects of him. His press releases make much of the fact that he is an albino (otherwise I would make nothing of it).

Winter's work couldn't stand much comparison with that of literally hundreds of black blues guitarists. Take Albert Collins, out of Texas, on *Love Can Be Found Anywhere* (*Even in a Guitar*) (Imperial stereo, 12428). Collins, leading a little organ-tenor sax-brass blues band, carries his musical idiom as naturally as his personality and his gait; he is a pleasure to listen to and, I would imagine, a joy to dance to. He is a man, playing a man's music. Winter, by contrast, is a boy sheep in wolf's clothing—Howlin' Wolf's clothing.

A final note: Verve has reissued its three-volume *Charlie Parker Story* (V6-8000/8002), making it virtually the only recorded music by this major American musician now being widely distributed by a major company. The series offers a cross section of the various things Parker did for the label, which means there is some dross. But there is a superb "Lady Be Good"; there are several excellent quartet and quintet selections (including Parker's only studio recording of his best composition, "Confirmation"); and there are versions of "Just Friends" and "What Is This Thing Called Love" with string accompaniments on which Parker plays with a divine vengeance. The personnel listings on the back liners aren't always reliable but the electronic stereo, believe it or not, is excellent—actually an improvement over the original sound. In terms of the current catalogue, this is essential Parker and essential music. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

From Jeb to Ellen

FOR FIVE YEARS I have been a Beatle (more specifically, a John Lennon) freak. Musically, publicly, and personally I have followed John and Company and have become, in a removed manner, a very close friend. (Some day I *shall* meet them.)

Anyway, John and Yoko are beautiful. I can see you realize this also. . . . Therefore, the purpose of this letter is (if a purpose must exist) to thank Ellen Sander sincerely for her article that says what needs to be said about John and Yoko ["John and Yoko Lennon: Give Peace a Chance," *SR*, June 28]. I consider myself a revolutionary, but a pacifist and a compromiser, also. Change is needed and change will come—but it must be through peaceful means.

This letter must be boring the hell out of Ellen, or whoever is reading it. Sorry.

But you're right, Ellen Sander—keeping John and Yoko out of the country is ridiculous.

So thank you very much, Ellen. I'm sure you reached a lot of people who were blind to the entire situation. You gave me a little more faith in people.

JEB BECK,
San Jose, Calif.

Beautiful

READ Miss Sander's article on John and Yoko. It was beautiful analysis.

BOB LEWIS,
WABC-FM,
New York, N.Y.

Not so Beautiful

RE: "John and Yoko Lennon: Give Peace a Chance," did you read this foolishness before you printed it?

JAY M. SAWILOWSKY,
Augusta, Ga.

Editor's Note: Yes.

Rock and Its Bible

ELLEN SANDER'S ARTICLE is quite accurate in its analysis of rock as a religion and the place of Lennon in that religion.

God died for the youth of America in Dallas in 1963. Traditional religions have become "historical communities." A vacuum was created, and rock has filled that vacuum. Lennon is a key figure in the religion, perhaps *the* key figure. He was a co-author of the bible *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and his obsession with peace has elevated him to the status of prophet in the eyes of many.

Ellen Sander has written an invaluable essay. Especially for those who aren't into "the way things are going."

ALAN BERG,
Hebrew Union College,
Cincinnati, O.

The Crosby-Nash-Stills Shot

ELLEN SANDER called the shot on Crosby-Nash-Stills ["Crosby, Stills, and Nash: Renaissance Fare," *SR*, May 31]. A good album. Thank her for telling me about it.

ALEX D.,
Baltimore, Md.

Hoagy Fan

THE MONMOUTH-EVERGREEN label is a complete mystery to the record dealers in this area.

Will you please tell me where, and at what price, I can obtain a stereo copy of Monmouth-Evergreen MES 6917, the collection of Hoagy Carmichael numbers described in Bud Freeman's and Irving Kolodin's "Hoagy" [*SR*, June 28].

Thank you for a most interesting article on a great composer.

J. M. LANE,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Editor's Note: The information has been supplied.

Freeman Fan

BUD FREEMAN made me feel so stupid! Once he pointed it out, it is brilliantly clear that "Skylark" is indeed a transmutation of Bix-like phrases. What an illumination that entire article was on Carmichael's work. Thanks. Can Kolodin hold *more* conversations on jazz with the lucid, funny, and informative Bud Freeman, and other jazzmen?

PATRICIA SAMSON,
Cedar Falls, Ia.

Editor's Note: Will try. Read on.

Bix and Bud

BUD IS SO RIGHT about things. . . . Sorry I didn't know him sooner or that we couldn't have been together sooner. . . . Like he says about "Skylark" the absolute truth, and, of course, about "Stardust"—the Bix influence was there and the improvisations are already written . . . a great compliment to me. . . .

HOAGY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Recordings and Texts

TWO THINGS PLAGUE me about record companies, one constant and the other occasional.

The latter is the London Records' odd notion of how to record a voice with orchestra, whether on a recital LP or a complete opera. From the balance obtained I would assume that the singer is about 100 feet behind the orchestra, with no microphone of his or her own. The last three London recordings I have heard were two recitals, arias by Gwyneth Jones and Scandinavian songs by Birgit Nilsson, and the complete recording of *Tristan und Isolde*, conducted by Solti. In the first two LPs the singers sounded so far away that words could seldom be distinguished, and even the timbre of the voice was largely left to the listener's imagination. In the *Tristan*, much of the long "Love Duet" in Act II was an orchestral passage with singers heard dimly in the background, and the unfortunate Herr Uhl often disappearing altogether. It is absurd, but true, that the individuality of a Caruso's or McCormack's voice can be better made out on a sixty-year-old Red Seal 78 than can that of the above-mentioned singers on these records made in the past decade.

The constant annoyance I referred to is the infuriating habit of almost all major record manufacturers of omitting texts and translations of vocal works. If Seraphim can provide them at $2.49 a disc, Victor, Philips, London, etc., can do it at more than double the price. It's insulting to the composer, the poet, and the listener, and there is no possible excuse for it.

DAVID PIERCE,
Atlanta, Ga.

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Continued from page 51

and unloved, of looking at the world through the eyes of a female.

Clouds shows considerable growth and improvement over her first album; the songs are stronger, the changes braver, her voice more flexible and relaxed. While the first album seemed understated, *Clouds*, which does not have any accompaniment other than that which the artist herself supplies, is a stronger, more personal effort, fuller and richer for what she has put into the songs. It contains "Both Sides Now," the song that Judy Collins recorded as a No. 1 hit, and "Chelsea Morning," which is Collins's current single. Both these songs are of Miss Mitchell's earlier writings; her later songs are yet another incarnation of her insight. "Songs to Aging Children Come" is a vocal tour de force; "That Song About the Midway" is elusive and heartbreaking and filled with gorgeous melodic inventions. *Clouds* is one of the most beautiful in a time of many distinctively beautiful albums.

I've always had a place in my heart for Kaleidoscope from the time I first heard their debut album over two years ago. Their maverick eclecticism and the tastiness of their music, no matter how much they mix it around, is enchanting. I thought their first album, *Side Trips*, was brilliant, until one miserably bitter winter day in 1968 when I ventured away from a warm hearth to see the group "live" on one of their rare trips east. There is literally no end to the influences they can assimilate, no limitation of the ways they work them out. They are the one group that has produced a totally effective synthesis of Eastern (particularly Turkish) sounds with Western.

Their third album, *Kaleidoscope*, moves from the warm, rollicking country-western sound of "Let the Good Times Flow" and "Petite Fleur" to the structural imbroglio of "Seven-Ate-Sweet," a complex and invigorating mix of sounds so disparate you'd never believe they could actually belong in one piece. It builds into an Eastern extravaganza as lush and as delicate as incense, then spins into rock, jazz, a Greek folk song, and any number of other zany contortions. The entire album is not exactly successful, the treatment of the traditional folk song "Cuckoo" being a monumental example of gaucherie, but on their best moments alone, Kaleidoscope can be forgiven almost anything. If this album reveals their faults and lapses of taste, it also shows why a particularly discerning portion of the pop audience loves Kaleidoscope.

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The Spurned Peace

Continued from page 16

my plans and also of the present situation as he understood it. He now had word that Ho Chi Minh had drafted a letter to be sent immediately to Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri of India, with copies to concerned heads of state throughout the world. This letter, if read correctly, was directly responsive to the questions I had raised earlier in the day. In fact, it was intended to respond to points made by Ambassador at Large Averell Harriman during his visit to Warsaw two weeks earlier.

Wyzner said that Adam Rapacki, the Polish Foreign Minister, would be grateful if I could convey to Washington the following message, which he asked me to take down word for word:

> Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki wishes to call attention to the letter from Ho Chi Minh appearing this morning [January 29, 1966] in *The New York Times*. He understands there may be a disposition by Washington to interpret the letter as containing nothing essentially new since it repeats a position stated previously. However, the same paragraph asking for acceptance of Hanoi's four points also contains a major phrase, which, properly read, provides the key to something essentially new in Hanoi's position. In particular, this paragraph says: "If the U.S. government really wants a peaceful settlement, it must accept the four-point stand of the democratic Republic government of Vietnam and prove this by actual deeds." The key words in this sentence are not the reference to the four points, but the reference to "actual deeds."
>
> What is meant by "actual deeds"? The next paragraph in the letter is vital, for it refers to the need to end the bombing. This means that a resumption of the bombing would destroy the possibility of talks, while a continuation of the suspension of the bombing will lead to talks. Herein lies the key to Ho Chi Minh's letter.
>
> This paragraph should be regarded as the implicit and specific indication of Hanoi's intention to begin talks. It meets the request of Ambassador Harriman in his Warsaw discussions for a genuine sign from Hanoi on the basis of which negotiations can be carried out; that is, if we understand Ambassador Harriman's request correctly. Again, most of Ho Chi Minh's letter is a repetition of Hanoi's previously stated position, but this particular passage can be interpreted as the signal from Hanoi that it wishes to begin talks.
>
> In our opinion, this particular paragraph offers immediate opportunities for a tangible exchange of views between the United States and North Vietnam leading to greater clarity and precision of positions. All openings should be seized at this time for such contacts, including the contact with you [N.C.]. Poland is ready to do anything that may be useful. We do not have to add that the resumption of the bombing would mean destruction of the present great opportunities, and would create a new and dangerous situation with incalculable consequences on a wide international scale.
>
> Today, Mr. Albert Scherer, Jr., U.S. Consul General, met with Foreign Minister Rapacki, in the absence of U.S. Ambassador Gronouski, and was presented with the Polish interpretation of Ho Chi Minh's letter.

I told Wyzner I would, of course, communicate this message to Washington exactly as it had been given to me, although I was certain the message given to Mr. Scherer had already been relayed.

I said I could speak only as a private individual, but I was deeply concerned by the use of the term "must accept" in Ho Chi Minh's letter. This could very easily be interpreted as an ultimatum. After all, the United States was not demanding that Hanoi *accept in advance* our own position. The purpose of negotiations was to arrive at agreements, not to endorse fixed positions.

Still speaking as an individual, I said it seemed reasonable to me to believe, on the basis of the message just given me, that the propitious moment had arrived for the Vietnamese representative in Warsaw to communicate directly with the American Ambassador.

Wyzner reiterated that he personally believed his own government did not feel that Hanoi wished to meet with anyone from the United States on the official level right then. He said the reasons were obvious. The visibility risk was too high. The way must be prepared for official contact. Confidence had to be established. That was why the private mission now was so urgent.

As soon as Wyzner left, I telephoned Ambassador Goldberg at his apartment in New York. He was out at the time, and I left a request that he call me. Then I telephoned Jack Valenti in Washington, who took the message down word for word and said he would bring it over immediately to the State Department. Valenti, too, reacted sharply when we came to the words "must accept."

If Hanoi holds to this position, he said, it is difficult to see how negotiations can be possible. The United States cannot be dictated to. It is prepared to examine any position, but it will not be told what it must or must not accept.

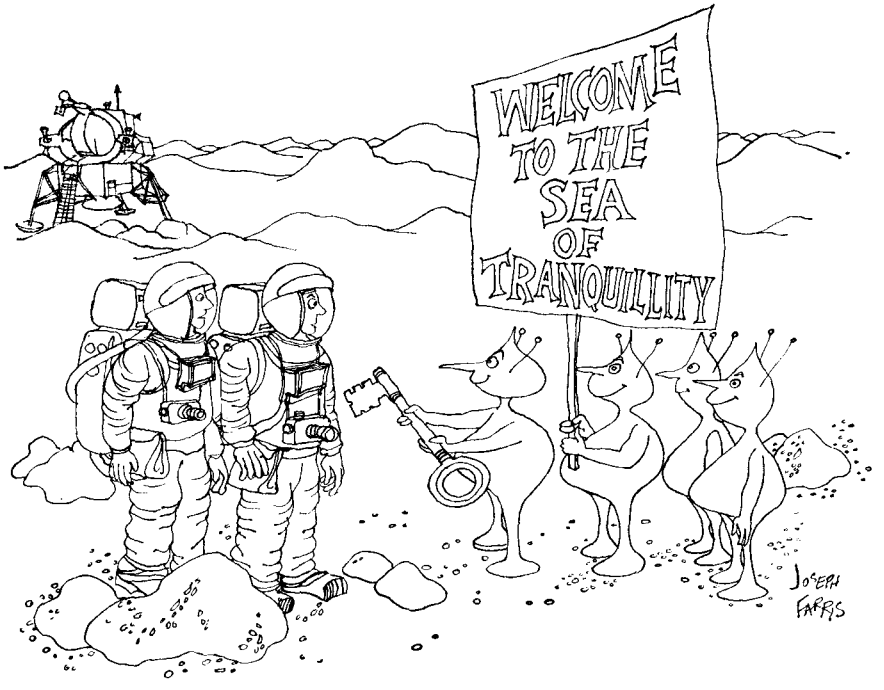
An hour later, Valenti was on the telephone again. The message from Scherer had just been received and it was identical in every respect. Our government was studying the matter, but there were serious problems, as he had anticipated in our earlier conversation.

I took this to be a reference to the use of the term "must accept."

Shortly after Valenti rang off, Wyzner was on the phone again. He said that his message calling off my meeting in Warsaw had been received, but that the North Vietnamese representative was on hand and had requested that the meeting be rescheduled.

I conveyed this message to Valenti and was told, as I anticipated, that the North Vietnamese representative should communicate directly with U.S. Ambassador John A. Gronouski.

I suggested to Valenti that I believed



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I should remove myself from the discussions at this point. I told him I would like to tell the Poles that it was unnecessary for me to be involved in further discussions and that the regular diplomatic channels ought to be used. I didn't want to be in a position where any failure of mine to convey precise shadows of meaning might lead to an erroneous impression. Valenti told me not to remove myself at this point, but to continue on the same basis so long as the Poles or others wished to maintain this contact.

Early the next afternoon (Sunday, January 30), Wyzner telephoned to say he had an urgent message to deliver. I suggested he come to my apartment immediately.

The message concerned the use of the words "must accept" in the letter by Ho Chi Minh to Prime Minister Shastri. Apparently, there was considerable concern in various capitals, including Warsaw, about the implications of the phrase. Clarification had now come from North Vietnam.

Wyzner said Ho Chi Minh's letter had been translated from the French. In the original, the term *doit reconnaître* had been used. Both *doit* and *reconnaître* have several meanings. *Doit* could mean "must." It could also mean "should" or "ought." *Reconnaître* could mean "accept." It could also mean "recognize" or "consider."

Unfortunately, the meaning farthest removed from the original intention appeared in translation. Ho Chi Minh had intended his letter to say that the United States *ought to consider* certain positions as a basis for negotiations. There was no intention of issuing an ultimatum. It was expected that Washington would also state a position that it wished the other side to consider.

It was easy for me to see why the Poles attached so much importance to the need to correct the error. In the original translation, there were clear implications of an ultimatum; this was plainly unacceptable. In the corrected translation, there were equally clear implications of a desire to remove genuine obstacles to peaceful settlement. The fact that the correction was being called to our attention was significant in itself.

It was Sunday afternoon. Jack Valenti was out. So was McGeorge Bundy. So was Ambassador Goldberg. So was Ambassador Harriman. I left messages for all four. Late in the afternoon, I was able to reach Vice President Humphrey in West Virginia. He said he would telephone the White House to urge reconsideration.

By this time, enough had happened to indicate that the resumption of the bombing might be imminent.

"Guess what, Miles? Our little theater group is going to do 'Midsummer Night's' in the buff."

Early that evening, Valenti and Bundy returned the call. I told them about the corrected translation and the importance attached to it by the Poles. They said the information would be passed along. I asked whether there was any answer I could give Wyzner. At first, I was told to say simply that I had relayed his message just as I had received it. Then I was told that Ambassador Goldberg would call me if there were any reply to give Wyzner.

The call from Ambassador Goldberg came close to midnight. He said he didn't think the additional information about the correct meaning in Ho Chi Minh's letter had changed Washington's decision to resume the bombing.

When would the bombing start, I asked.

He said the order had already gone out and that it would recommence by morning (Monday).

It was shattering news. The President had originally ordered a pause in the bombing in order to increase the chances for negotiations; he was looking for some sign, however slight, from Hanoi that it would be responsive. The President had also recognized that special measures had to be taken to convince Hanoi of our good faith. I told Goldberg I could understand the government's feeling that my own meeting with a North Vietnamese representative would not be sufficiently substantive, but the letter from Ho Chi Minh could not be regarded as lacking in weight. Late though it was, it did represent a definite sign. Moreover, of even greater significance than the original letter was the special effort to meet our entirely legitimate objection to the implications of the "must accept" terminology.

I told Ambassador Goldberg I realized I was being presumptuous, but I hoped he would communicate with the President personally in an effort to rescind the bombing order. Once the bombing started, no one knew how long it would take or how many lives would be lost before we worked our way back to the point we were at now—a point at which explorations might lead to talks.

Goldberg asked me to believe he had done everything he could do personally, but that the decision was made and was only a few hours away from being put into effect.

The next morning at 7, I turned on my radio and heard the news that the bombing had been resumed. Later in the morning, the statement was made in Washington that we had hoped for some sign or indication from Hanoi of a positive response to the halt in the bombing, but that none had been received.

* * *

Almost one year to the day later, I learned about another abortive effort to get negotiations started.

On November 14, 1966, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge met in Saigon with Janusz Lewandowski, no relative of Ambassador Bohdan Lewandowski. Janusz Lewandowski was the Polish representative on the International

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Control Commission, set up to superintend the terms of the Geneva Agreements of 1954.

Ambassador Lodge told Ambassador Lewandowski that the United States was eager to find some way of getting into negotiations and hoped that Poland might use its good offices to help persuade Ho Chi Minh of our good faith in this respect.

Later that afternoon, Lewandowski communicated with Ambassador Lodge, saying he had notified his foreign office in Warsaw of the American request and had been instructed to say that Poland would be glad to proceed, but only if the request were being made on the authority of the President of the United States.

Lodge provided that assurance.

The next afternoon, November 15, both men met at the home of the Italian Ambassador in Saigon. Ambassador Lodge presented an account of the general American position with respect to negotiations, for it was probable that Lewandowski would be asked what it was that the Americans wished to discuss.

In all, there were ten points covering the American position. The Polish Ambassador reviewed them fully, and said he was prepared to put them before Hanoi.

Lewandowski then flew to Hanoi on the ICC plane and had a series of meetings with North Vietnamese leaders who said they would entertain no suggestions with respect to talks unless the United States unconditionally stopped the bombing.

Lewandowski pointed out that the United States had offered to stop the bombing if it had any assurance that the cessation would lead to some reciprocal measure or would open the way to peace talks.

The Polish Ambassador added that he was convinced that once Ho Chi Minh agreed to hold negotiations or even exploratory talks, the United States would demonstrate its good faith by stopping the bombing.

Finally, Ho Chi Minh agreed to withdraw his demand for an unconditional halt to the bombing. He would send emissaries to meet secretly with the Americans. The need for total secrecy was stressed. Warsaw was acceptable as a site. *The United States would not be committed to halt the bombing while arrangements for the meeting were being pursued.* On the other hand, North Vietnam was given to understand that, at an appropriate point, the bombing would be discontinued.

On November 29, 1966, Lewandowski returned to Saigon and gave Ambassador Lodge the good news that his mission had been successful. Lodge thanked Lewandowski for the Polish government's intercession.

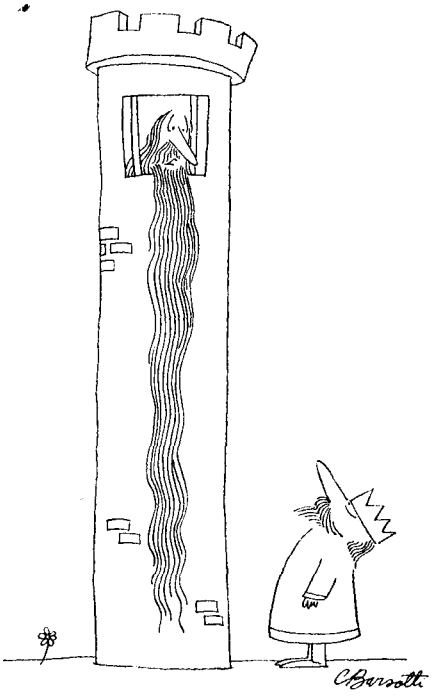
A few days later, the outskirts of Hanoi were bombed for the first time. Ho Chi Minh informed Poland that the projected talks were canceled.

Lewandowski called on Lodge and relayed the distressed feelings of the Polish government at having been witness to our good faith and at having persuaded Hanoi to withdraw its demand for an unconditional halt to the bombing, only to have the United States extend the bombing to the cities, something we had said we had no intention of doing.

Lodge expressed his understanding of the Polish position, but begged Ambassador Lewandowski to believe that the bombing of Hanoi was an error. What had happened was that the authorization for extending the bombing had been given some ten days earlier, but no one had thought to cancel the authorization in the light of the new developments. Lodge said it would be most unfortunate if such an error were allowed to destroy the opportunity to end the war through a negotiated settlement.

The message about the error was communicated to Hanoi. The talks were rescheduled for December 15. On December 13 and 14, the city of Hanoi was bombed again.

At first, the United States denied that the bombing had taken place, then attributed it to pilot error. President Johnson attempted to get the talks back on the track by declaring a 10-mile immunity zone outside the city. Ambassador Goldberg was asked by the President to persuade Poland to intercede on our behalf again. It was no use. Hanoi had made up its mind that any interest it might show in peace talks would result in an extension of the destruction.



"I told your grandfather I was sorry."

This ended the opportunity, such as it was, to get into negotiations in November-December 1966.

Who made the decision to bomb Hanoi — despite statements by the United States that it had no intention of bombing the cities? It seems inconceivable that the President, having instructed Ambassador Lodge to work with the Poles in persuading Hanoi to come to the peace table, would have ordered a drastic escalation of the war at that particular time. The explanation offered by Ambassador Lodge would appear to be correct. Washington was not in complete control. The American military was able to make a field decision carrying the most profound consequences for U.S. foreign policy.

How did such a misuse of authority come about? The question is not too different from the question about the failure to inform President Johnson in the fall of 1964 that an opportunity for peace talks had been arranged by U Thant. Nor is it different from the numberless other questions that might be asked about the deep division inside the government on the Vietnam war and how to end it. To what extent do military decisions in the field force the hand of the President? To what extent do political factors and factions inside South Vietnam exercise a profound gravitational pull on American policy? Why was it necessary for President Johnson to feel he had to retire from the Presidency in order to create an environment for negotiations?

Ambassador Harriman has disclosed that the Paris peace talks were retarded for many weeks because of the decision of the American military to undertake action despite our assurances in Paris to the contrary. This resulted in a vast step-up of North Vietnam military activity with a consequent increase in casualties.

These facts take on a razor's edge with the publication of the article by Clark Clifford, former Secretary of Defense, in the July 1969 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Clifford gave a stark picture of seriously misleading information and advice coming from the military. What was most disturbing was that the misinformation served as a basis for Pentagon action in the field —sometimes without benefit of White House authorization.

The inescapable question emerging from Mr. Clifford's article, of course, is what can be done to restore Constitutional controls in the formation and implementation of U.S. foreign policy?

Until the answers to this and other

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"Big Cheese to secretary.... Big Cheese to secretary.... Over...."

key questions about the Vietnam war become clear, the American people will be increasingly torn by Vietnam. These questions call for discussion and debate. More than ever, therefore, it is vital that the American people be fully informed of all factors bearing on the possible prolongation of the war.

Where to fix the responsibility? It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that groups inside the government and in South Vietnam not infrequently pressed their authority to its outermost limits, or exceeded it, in a way that forced the President's hand. Indeed, the extent to which the Presidency of the United States has become the focal point of overwhelming and often unmanageable pressures, especially in military matters, is a major problem the American people can no longer minimize or ignore.

It is difficult to see how the terrible and terrifying ordeal of Vietnam can be brought to an end unless the American people themselves are given straight answers by their government about the war—and unless the government itself is united in the determination to seek peace through negotiations.

It may be asked why I have waited until now to put down all these notes. Actually, I have referred to various parts of this account from time to time in my editorials or talks but I haven't put the story down in full and sequential form for a simple reason: I feared that the effect of anything I might write on the subject would weaken even further the chances for peace talks by reinforcing Hanoi's view that the United States did not have a consistent and unswerving policy for ending the war through a non-military settlement.

But a new Administration is now in office, with new options, new opportunities, new responsibilities. The President has the advantage of a dominant public opinion in favor of extrication. These advantages, however, can fade quickly if U.S. policy and action come off separate spools.

The strength of the foreign policy of the United States depends — as the great leaders in the nation's history have always recognized—not on force alone but on the genuineness of our purposes, on the Constitutional primacy of civilian authority over the military, on an outlook unsmudged by cynicism or callousness, on our ability to be understood and believed throughout the world, and on the pursuit of goals that have something to do with a better and safer life for the people on this earth.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 40: slough, loughs, ghouls, slough.

Mr. Swan thanks readers for their interest, but regrets that he cannot accept any more verses at present.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 19

Alen; Martin, Stewart, Noble & Class; and Bellante & Clauss, were represented on a design committee consisting of my partner Jack Grisdale, Robert Noble, and Seple Clauss. When the three firms were selected to design the Philadelphia federal building, it was made clear that local zoning and building codes need not be applied to federal buildings on federal property. However, as Philadelphia architects we suggested that we be permitted to meet with the Philadelphia City Planning Commission staff, hear the limitations of setback and height they wished to apply to the site, and then try to design a building wholly satisfactory to the General Services Administration and within the Philadelphia envelope.

The architects met with Damon Childs, second in command of the staff of the City Planning Commission (while Director Edmund Bacon was in Greece), and the proposed limitations were given to them; a building satisfactory to GSA was designed within the envelope suggested. However, when Bacon returned, he objected to the location of the courthouse tower, which at that time fronted on Sixth Street. The second part of the project, the office building, was placed adjacent to Seventh Street and extended from Market to Arch Streets. Political pressure from Philadelphia forced Bernard Boutin, then administrator for GSA, to ask the architects to move the tower closer to Seventh Street, which was done in the new scheme.

It is interesting, however, to record that when the three nationally known architects forming the Architectural Review Panel for GSA were shown fourteen models of proposed schemes, all three selected the scheme that the architects had originally proposed and which Director Bacon so vigorously campaigned against. It was pointed out to this panel that the decision to change the scheme had been made, and that now it was necessary to consider schemes that would permit the location of the courthouse tower nearer Seventh Street. "That," said A. G. Odell, Jr., former president of the AIA, "was a political decision, not a planning decision."

Contrary to the Mr. Von Eckardt's belief, "nearly everybody in Philadelphia" likes the design except perhaps Director Bacon.

J. Roy Carroll, Jr., FAIA,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Population's Hunger

John A. Hamilton missed a pertinent point in his "The Politics of Hunger" [*SR*, June 21]. People just do not know what's good for them nutrition-wise; after reading the reports of the McGovern committee, I am all the more convinced. Hunger control is one thing, population control another.

J. Ashton Greene,
President,
Hunger, Inc.,
New Orleans, La.

The Maya and the Bees

Katharine Kuh in "The Mystifying Maya" [*SR*, June 28] asks about the stronghold Tulum and the image often associated with the bee, "an insect of importance both for its honey and its wax." Alas, has not Miss Kuh ignored the greatest gift of the bee, its bringing to blossom the essential fertilizing pollen without which no crop can grow?

The terra-cotta sculpture of the Descending God holding what looked to Miss Kuh like a honeycomb could well be the representation of a planting field pitted with holes ready to take the corn-kernel allotment for each.

Mrs. Geraldine Huston,
Teaneck, N.J.

Railway Wailing Wall

Elmo Roper on "One Helluva Way to Run a Railroad" [*SR*, June 28] reminded me of my experiences as an economist working for a railroad in the early 1960s, when two wonderful examples of the nineteenth-century atmosphere of the railroad industry occurred.

Railway Age published a series of letters debating the topic of whether or not railroad trainmen should be permitted to use wristwatches. After much solemn debate on the accuracy of the wristwatch vs. the traditional pocket watch, the railroaders concluded finally that the wristwatch was accurate enough for railroad operations.

During the same period, a large Eastern railroad made an elaborate cost study to determine whether electric lights should replace the kerosene lamps on the rear of the caboose. The cost study showed that kerosene lamps were more expensive, because parts for the old lamps were difficult to purchase, and because modern little boys were much more inclined to throw rocks at kerosene lamps than at electric lights.

John W. Baer,
Anne Arundel Community College,
Annapolis, Md.

Is there really nothing that can be done to save from extinction what was once the finest passenger railroad system in the world? Foreign nations are more than willing to learn from us when we have something to teach them. Why is it that we never look into their practices? In the European countries and in Japan passenger travel flourishes by train. Canada has recently improved her passenger-train system. Why can't we learn from others as others learn from us?

Mario Pei,
Columbia University,
New York, N.Y.

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Chess Corner—No. 136

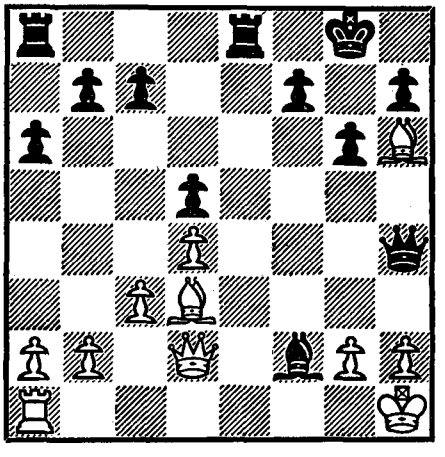
The draw in chess is akin to an inflexible deadlock. It may be reached by agreement, by perpetual check, repetition of position, insufficiency of mating material, stalemate, or other sundry and extraneous ways.

The so-called "grand master" draw is one of another ilk. It refers, superciliously, to the grand master who has lost confidence in his own ability or expects to play like a pusilanimous palooka. The grand master draw is the short-short draw—embracing a game of some fifteen moves, more or even less—where one antagonist is afraid and the other dares not.

The game below is anything but a draw. Played in the Golden Nugget Gambling Casino in Sparks, Nevada, by Texas's William Bills and San Francisco's Jude Acers, the players are not quick on the draw. Accent is on decision, and the offer of a material sacrifice "with love," describes the maneuvers.

RUY LOPEZ

Bills White	Acers Black	Bills White	Acers Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	11 R-KR5	P-KN3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	12 B-B2	R-K1
3 B-N5	P-QR3	13 R-R3	N-K5
4 B-R4	N-B3	14 N-Q2	NxN
5 O-O	NxP	15 BxN	P-Q4
6 R-K1	N-Q3	16 R-KN3	B-K3
7 NxP	B-K2	17 B-R6	B-R5
8 P-QB3	NxN	18 R-Q3	BxPch
9 RxN	O-O	19 K-R1	B-KB4
10 P-Q4	B-B3	20 Q-Q2	BxR
		21 BxB	Q-R5



22 B-KB4	B-K8	28 PxR	RxP
23 Q-B1	P-QB3	29 R-Q1	R-K6
24 P-KN3	Q-N5	30 B-B1	RxPch
25 K-N2	R-K3	31 PxR	QxPch
26 Q-B2	R/1-K1	32 K-R1	B-B7
27 B-K5	RxB	Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

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Funco File

Continued from page 27

time of the Machine deviation from the established norm is a crime, one that the F.D.I. will not tolerate. Though the climate in Mr. Cole's United States of sometime-soon is decidedly anti-deviate, his novel concerns a sudden eruption of way-out deviates, four to be exact. (That four cases show up at the same time is something the Machine stores in its funco file—computerese for funny-coincidence repository.) There is a boy who mentally can send matter flying about as if he were in charge of an army of poltergeists; a gorgeous priestess of Devi, a witch who has mastered the art of "Unendurable Pleasure Indefinitely Prolonged"; a man who can write in permanent blue fire with his nose; and a deserter from the country's most deadly military group, one that can program a man to kill anyone who comes within a four-foot radius.

Needless to say, *The Funco File* is offbeat—though in its warning of a time when survival hinges on conformity it calls to mind *1984*. But Mr. Cole's novel never approaches the power of the Orwell work, because it suffers from murkiness. Moreover, it is not all of a piece. Sometimes the story reads like straight science fiction, sometimes it seems to be a satire, then again rustic humor or a tale of the supernatural. These shifts of mood testify to the author's talent, but they do not help his book.

The novel doesn't truly begin until the four "freaks" join forces in the forest somewhere on the Delaware River. What precedes—and the story of each of the four characters and his deviation and how he comes to wind up in the forest—is indeed interesting, but this *is* background to the novel. In a play it would be called exposition, and the dramatist who devoted more than one-quarter of his evening to his setup would be in serious trouble. Perhaps there is no such hard-and-fast rule in the field of the novel, but it should be noted that it takes Mr. Cole 181 of his 282 pages to bring his four "freaks" together.

The Funco File is too interesting to be dismissed lightly, too annoying to be enjoyed completely. But whatever it lacks, the novel has enough going for it to stand out from the welter of sludge currently being published. And how very refreshing once again to see an author use the ——— in place of a specific obscenity.

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel appraised fiction for The Saturday Evening Post as a senior editor on the magazine.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1842

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORD
A. Trench or ditch used in fortification, esp. as a moat.	45 50 55 139 176
B. Young; issue.	209 19 30 33 83 90 111 127 132
C. Dutch city noted for ceramics.	145 150 14 39 58
D. Large brown somewhat vulpine marten of North America.	115 120 151 153 156 165
E. Having numerous clefts or fissures.	172 182 121 141 162 169
F. Avidity.	196 215 72 74 93 112 117 125 166
G. Criterion.	155 164 188 206 214 34 43 80 110
H. Intimidated.	122 134 15 53 146 154 179 199 207 9
I. Dairy sound.	28 46 62 67 160 184
J. Its capital is Ouagadougou (2 wds.)	189 5 16 26 64 88 21 85 94 99
K. River forming part of the German-Polish border.	180 201 216 2 7 10
L. Promoter of the Suez Canal (1805-94; 2 wds.)	24 31 86 89 100 177 212 163 218
M. Tellurian.	17 109 118 119 130 136 147 183 194
N. Common appellation for Edward Young's long poem, "The Complaint . . ." (2 wds.)	205 4 113 168 170 178 211 52 133 140 25 42 61

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. City of Inner Mongolia, called Ulan Hada by the Mongols.	97 171 192 203 40 49 56 135
P. Intensifies.	35 41 70 143 59 65 92 190 20
Q. Correspondence.	75 149 157 13 96 174 98 186 202
R. Returned to.	208 101 12 79 82 159 129 144 187
S. "Love thyself last: — those hearts that hate thee," says Cardinal Wolsey ("Henry VIII").	106 66 103 124 6 54 78
T. Followed by WORD V: the trees celebrated in Kipling's "A Tree Song" (3 wds.)	18 1 158 197 23 181 63 68 81
U. Game in which leaners play a part.	95 138 198 104 108 69 91 114 60 73
V. See WORD T.	8 193 57 167 3 87 27 71
W. Painter of the Flemish school (1577-1640; "Allegory of War and Peace").	213 38 51 36 191 105
X. Living thing.	37 131 29 11 195
Y. Is more important than.	175 22 152 77 123 32 161 48 76
Z. Not realized.	173 44 47 204 102 210 84 148 217 137 128
Z¹. Marked by spirit akin to gung ho (comp.)	107 126 116 142 185 200

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 T		2 K	3 V	4 N	5 J		6 S	7 K		8 V	9 H		10 K	11 X	12 R	13 Q
14 C	15 H	16 J	17 M		18 T	19 B		20 P	21 J	22 Y	23 T	24 L		25 N	26 J	27 V	
28 I	29 X	30 B	31 L		32 Y	33 B		34 G	35 P	36 W		37 X	38 W	39 C	40 O	41 P	42 N
43 G	44 Z	45 A		46 I	47 Z		48 Y	49 O	50 A		51 W	52 N	53 H	54 S		55 A	56 O
57 V		58 C	59 P	60 U		61 N	62 I	63 T	64 J	65 P		66 S	67 I	68 T	69 U	70 P	71 V
72 F		73 U	74 F	75 Q	76 Y		77 Y	78 S	79 R	80 G	81 T		82 R	83 B	84 Z	85 J	86 L
	87 V	88 J	89 L	90 B		91 U	92 P	93 F		94 J	95 U	96 Q		97 O	98 Q	99 J	100 L
101 R	102 Z	103 S	104 U	105 W		106 S	107 Z¹	108 U	109 M	110 G	111 B	112 F	113 N		114 U	115 D	
116 Z¹	117 F	118 M		119 M	120 D	121 E	122 H	123 Y	124 S	125 F		126 Z¹	127 B	128 Z		129 R	130 M
131 X		132 B	133 N	134 H	135 O	136 M	137 Z		138 U	139 A		140 N	141 E	142 Z¹	143 P	144 R	145 C
	146 H	147 M	148 Z	149 Q	150 C	151 D		152 Y	153 D	154 H		155 G	156 D	157 Q	158 T	159 R	160 I
161 Y		162 E	163 L	164 G	165 D	166 F		167 V	168 N	169 E		170 N	171 O	172 E	173 Z	174 Q	
175 Y	176 A		177 L	178 N	179 H	180 K	181 T	182 E	183 M	184 I		185 Z¹	186 Q	187 R		188 G	189 J
190 P	191 W	192 O	193 V	194 M		195 X	196 F	197 T	198 U		199 H	200 Z¹	201 K		202 Q	203 O	204 Z
205 N	206 G	207 H	208 R		209 B	210 Z		211 N	212 L	213 W		214 G	215 F	216 K	217 Z	218 L	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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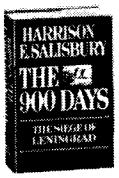

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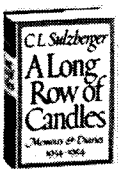

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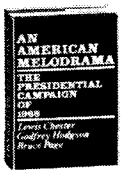

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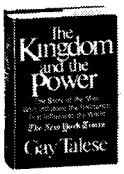

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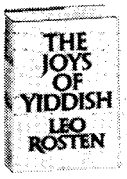

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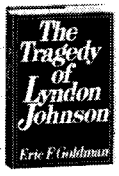

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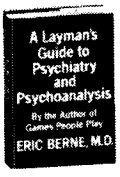

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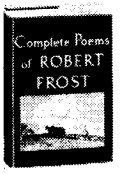

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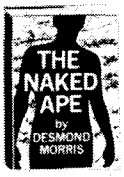

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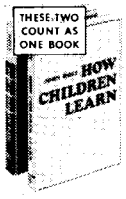

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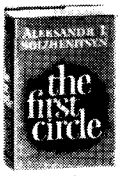

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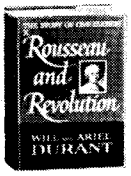

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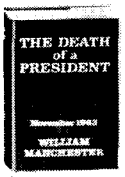

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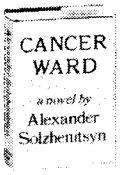

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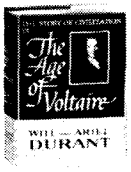

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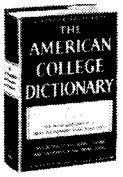

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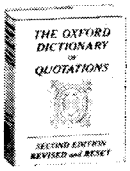

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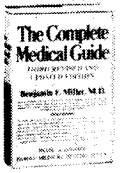

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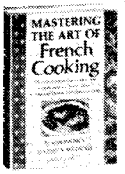

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